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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Balfour in the City on Thursday refrained from paeans over Mid-Devon, soberly pointing out the moral instead. Mid-Devon showed that tariff reform is what the country is mainly thinking about, and Unionists can win if they choose to stick together. Mr. F. W. D. Smith set a good example which tariff reformers must honourably follow. The great thing we all have to do is to get this Government out. One thing at any rate is now practically out of the Tory's way—old Liberalism. Mr. Balfour in the City did not hesitate to certify its death. Nobody now believes in the State standing aside and leaving everyone to do anything or nothing as he likes, or as he is able. To Mr. Balfour the danger now seems to come from the opposite quarter. With less of the nice sanity than usually marks his phrases Mr. Balfour says a socialist régime would be the greatest calamity that has ever happened in the world, not to the rich but to the poor. Had this been said in the East End instead of in the City we would have cheered Mr. Balfour's courage. But he seems to us right in laying down that production is more important than distribution; and it is the weak point of even the purest socialism that it overlooks this. As Mr. Balfour says, it is no use discussing distribution if you have nothing to distribute.

The appearance of Lord Ashtown's name in the return by the Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper in Ireland recording Lord Curzon's election as an Irish representative peer is probably "ex abundanti cautela" in view of possibilities. It is said that as Lord Curzon has not qualified himself to vote by having his name on the roll of Irish peers, he cannot be elected. There is nothing in the Act of Union to support this view. The roll was instituted for the purpose of recording successions to Irish peerages (the Irish House of Lords

being abolished) and to prevent bogus claims to vote. Lord Curzon has not voted, hence the question of his name being on the roll in that respect does not arise. Is he an Irish peer? seems to be the only question, and considering that he must possess the patent which made him one in 1898, he only needs to establish his identity to prove this fact. The Act of Union provides that the House of Lords shall settle all Irish Peerage disputes. Of course the Lord Chancellor may refuse Lord Curzon his writ, and force him to petition the Crown and undergo a full hearing by the Committee for Privileges, but it is hardly likely such a responsibility will be undertaken. The question can just as well be raised when, the writ having been issued, Lord Curzon presents himself to take his seat.

Whatever the result of this technical difficulty, the attempt of the Prime Minister and some of his friends to keep Lord Curzon out of political life is about the meanest and most purely contemptible thing in the record of the Government. Mr. Harcourt's attempt to pass a disfranchising Bill just to hit at the Conservatives was bad enough. As party meanness goes, Mr. Harcourt's Plural Voting Bill was hard to beat. But this set against Lord Curzon, and the unconcealed glee with which baser Liberals have chortled over the incident, easily surpass even Mr. Harcourt's measure in meanness. By common consent of intelligent people, Lord Curzon is one of the two or three most brilliant and able men in public life. Where is the excuse then for trying to keep him out of politics? It can only be that the Liberals do not want so strong a man against them, or it is a move of mere unreasoning spite.

Where the return of a party leader is connected with an important Parliamentary election, the thing is different. Conservatives had a right to be glad when they beat Sir William Harcourt at Derby and Liberals when they beat Mr. Balfour at Manchester; though even in such cases there should be a limit to attempts to keep leaders out of their natural place on the front benches. But the case of Lord Curzon involved no such election. We earnestly hope that this action of the Prime Minister and the attitude of his charming followers—such as Mr. Swift MacNeill M.P.—will never be made a precedent by Conservatives when they are in office. We should view with disgust any Tadpole and Taper

attempt to keep out of politics men like Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey or Mr. Haldane. Such policy is not only personally mean—it is quite unpatriotic. To strive to prevent your opponent from winning the game is fair and right enough; but the idea of the poorer-hearted Liberals is to prevent him coming into the game at all.

At Reading on Tuesday Mr. Birrell thumped the tub hard for an hour or so. One always recognised in Mr. Birrell a man of letters with a gift of words and phrases rare and very welcome in party politics. But the Irish Office has been too much for him. It has proved, we fear, the grave of his wit and apothegm. At Reading he sneered and snarled at Mr. Long's "energy" and Mr. Balfour's dialectics, and vowed that he might be no great hero but he was ready to take them all on in the House of Commons next week. We quite believe he will do this. Where his heroism is wanting unfortunately is not in the House of Commons but across the Irish Channel. He carefully desists from "taking on" anybody in Ireland who is likely to resist the attention. Women who interpolated remarks were as usual handed out. We fear that if many more disasters equal to Mid-Devon befall the Government, the suffragettes will be more likely to be "hoofed" than handed out. The "stewards" or chuckers-out at these gatherings do not keep their temper so well as the police.

Sir John Lawson Walton, the Attorney-General in the present Government since its formation, was fortunate in everything but his health. He was fortunate especially in having a President of the Wesleyan Conference as his father. Next to marrying the daughter of a solicitor in large practice, there is no better introduction at the Bar than being connected with an eminent name in one of the large religious communities not within the Church. Two men to whom Lawson Walton must have acted as junior were so connected, and they were well known at the Bar and in Parliament: Samuel Danks Waddy and His Honour Judge Willis. And yet Lawson Walton attained a position for which they may well have had aspirations, but no luck. All the old guard of Liberal lawyers had been disposed of in some way or other by 1906, and Lawson Walton became Attorney-General.

He had not only brains but style as an advocate. His speech, his voice, his manner were refined. He had the air of a coming Lord Chancellor or Lord Chief Justice, and that destiny has probably only been forestalled by his death. Probably the untrained observer would have wondered wherein his special distinction lay as an advocate. It was persuasiveness; and this, after all, is the accomplishment most required at the Bar. In many respects he reminded one of Lord Davey, but he could not be considered as the intellectual equal of that distinguished lawyer and undistinguished politician. Nor had he the virility and energy of Lord Russell of Killowen. He was not one of those men who are unrivalled. In Parliament the chief events of his official career were the difficulty caused by Mr. Justice Grantham's extra-judicial political utterances, and his two speeches on the Trade Union Bill. On the occasions of the speeches he repeated the dexterity of the Greek rhetorician—Carneades, if we remember the name rightly—who, to show the Romans what a Greek could do, proved a thesis in one speech and disproved it in a second. But this shuffle was not Lawson Walton's fault, but his chief's.

As to his successor it is assumed that he will be Sir William Robson, the Solicitor-General. This is the natural order, unless there be some special reason against it; and no one supposes any in this instance. The list of candidates for the Solicitorship varies a little. The "Westminster Gazette" put forward Mr. S. T. Evans K.C. M.P., Mr. Rufus Isaacs K.C. M.P., and Mr. Atherley-Jones K.C. M.P. The name of Mr. Atherley-Jones may have been suggested by his eminence in the Druce case; but we remember his name was mentioned in 1906. The "Daily Chronicle", we notice, omits him from the

list. It is to be hoped that Mr. Atherley-Jones will not be prejudiced in any way by the omission.

The effect of the two resolutions as to socialism at the Hull Conference of the Labour party is plainly that the unions are weakening and are being assimilated by socialism. In the relations of the two sections the Socialists are the aggressive and arrogant party; but at the same time the Labour party as a whole feels that without its Liberal allies it is not any very great thing. The first resolution seemed prompted by the wish of the Socialists to conciliate Liberalism through the Liberal trade unions. That both sections have been subservient to Liberal official ideas as to imperialism and military and naval policy is writ large in the history of the Labour party. It has been a compromising party and there has really been no section of it deserving to be called an independent Labour party.

Having tried in this way to placate Liberalism the Socialist section could not resist the temptation to annoy the trade-unionist section with what seems sheer malice by the second resolution, declaring for a direct and immediate socialistic objective. It is not intelligible why the unionists should stand it, except on the supposition that they were the delegates of unions which are not certain of themselves and are drifting into socialism. The Socialists must feel pretty sure of their support on the whole, or they would not have run the risk of losing the union funds. "It's their money they want." Yet we can hardly think there will be no rupture. It is significant that there is an action at present on foot to test whether a union is entitled to apply its funds to the payment of a member of Parliament. Anti-socialist trade unionists will be anxious to know about this after the proceedings at Hull.

The great number of applications to the authority for small holdings is taken by the Radical press for a sure sign of "land-hunger". But is there not, by the same curious process of reasoning, a great small-shop hunger, a great small-clerkship hunger, a great general-job hunger? If the County Councils were to be given the power of allotting small shops, small clerkships, and so forth to all and sundry applicants, we can imagine the rush of applications. The truth is most people are more or less willing to get hold of something that may profit themselves, even though, on the other hand, it may in the end not prove good to the community.

Not a daughter but a granddaughter State of the Empire is the position which Mr. Churchill, after his trip through British East Africa, thinks will be the ultimate position taken up by Uganda. The country can never be a white man's land. If Europeans cannot spend a dozen years in the highlands of Equatorial Africa without physical deterioration, what chance is there that they would ever rear in such conditions a vigorous and healthy stock? European administrators, traders, and missionaries are doing excellent work, as Mr. Churchill frankly recognises, but it is from India he believes the real colonists of this part of the Empire will come. Without Indian assistance the East African Protectorate and Uganda could not in so short a time have done so much. Mr. Churchill of course "could not dispute the right" of British self-governing colonies to make whatever arrangements they like as to Asiatics, however embarrassing to the rest of the Empire, and he looks to the British possessions in East Africa to afford a way out of the dilemma provided by Indian emigration. British Indians who are settled in South Africa will not find much compensation for present wrongs in future chances elsewhere.

When the Under-Secretary thus openly endorses the action of the youngest of the self-governing colonies it is not strange that the Transvaal Government should stiffen its back in its determination to crush out the Asiatic. Attorney-General Hertzog says that South African problems must be settled in the South African way. The attempt to settle things in the South African way was, of course, accountable for the Boer War, and



where the interests of an empire are concerned that may be fatal. Mr. Ressik, the Minister for Lands, says the only object of the Registration Act is to stem a further influx. If that is so, why penalise old settlers? The Botha Government are constitutionally incapable of looking at the matter from the imperial standpoint.

Canada and Japan seem to have come together very well over the immigration question, to judge from Mr. Lemieux' statement in the Canadian House of Commons. The gist of the matter is as was understood before; Japan gives no undertaking in writing but has assured the Canadian Government verbally that every effort will voluntarily be made by the Japanese Government to restrict the emigration of Japanese labourers to Canada. Count Hayashi gives this assurance in a letter to Mr. Lemieux dated December 23 last. Its terms are certainly all that courtesy and a desire to meet Canada halfway could suggest. This is an act of grace on Japan's part, for by their treaty with Canada all Japanese subjects have full freedom to enter, travel, and dwell in any part of the Dominion. This treaty, of course remains legally intact. Altogether, both as to Canada and the United States, Japan would seem to be in an almost alarmingly conciliatory mood.

There are now two Sultans and two pretenders in Morocco, with France fighting and Spain negotiating in the vain hope that something may happen to bring order out of chaos. Raisuli would appear to be playing the part of Brer Rabbit for the moment, and the only person whose authority is advancing is Mulai Hafid. He has been proclaimed by other places than Fez, including the important religious centre of Wazan. General d'Amade has thrown himself vigorously on the Shawia tribe and is reported to have delivered a crushing blow at Settati, which after being practically destroyed with overwhelming losses to the Arabs was reoccupied by them when the French returned to the neighbourhood of Casablanca. The French Government, whose Moorish policy the Chamber is now reviewing, has not, according to M. Clémenceau, in any way committed itself to Abd-el-Aziz, and General d'Amade's instructions are to be perfectly neutral. Yet Abd-el-Aziz is the Sultan recognised by the Powers, and when France strikes it is at his enemies. Unfortunately native pretenders are not alone in Morocco.

Germany, Russia, France and Great Britain are engaged in a rather intricate series of negotiations intended to secure the maintenance of the status quo in the Baltic and the North Sea. The idea seems to be to come to an agreement similar to that of France, Spain and Great Britain as to the future of the Mediterranean. Germany and Russia have severally and jointly been endeavouring to fix up a sort of self-denying ordinance with regard to Sweden and the Baltic coast of Denmark, but both Great Britain and France have certain rights which cannot be ignored. Germany and Great Britain on the other hand, with France as a third party, are anxious to arrive at an agreement as to the North Sea, but the Baltic and the North Sea for such purposes cannot be dissociated. Naturally the desire of Great Britain and France that the two agreements should be concluded at the same time and become interdependent is strongly upheld by Denmark. The negotiations are evidence of the goodwill of the various Powers concerned, and if they succeed will scare away more than one bogey hovering over the two Seas.

Prince Bülow made short work of the interpellations in the Reichstag on the policy of the Prussian Government on the franchise question. He refused to consider them, as the Reichstag has no jurisdiction in a matter of Prussian domestic policy. The Social Democrats simulated great indignation, but a child would have known that their action was impossible. They are engineering an agitation against the Chancellor, and they are quite without scruple as to the means. As part of the same game they are exploiting the Berlin mob under the guise of the unemployed, and on Tuesday they brought several thousands of them into the streets

to make demonstrations. We notice the free trade papers here are imitating the tactics of the Social Democrats and exploiting the Berlin crowd for their particular purpose. This is the dog sausages and black bread in another form. Prince Bülow has warned the demonstrators that they are being played on by the Social Democrats, and that they will be put down by force if they persist.

Major-General Keim, until recently the president of the German Navy League, resigned his office at the general meeting of the league which was held on Sunday at Cassel. It was alleged against him by the Bavarian and some other sections of the league that he had used the influence of the league during the last election for the Reichstag against the Centre party and on behalf of the bloc generally. This was declared to be an improper use of his position, and the Bavarians threatened to withdraw from the league if General Keim continued at the head of it. General Keim maintained that his action during the election was not in the interests of party politics but in the national interests, and that he had the express approval of the Chancellor. Though he has resigned, the conduct of his presidential bureau was approved: and in consequence the dissentient sections withdrew from the meeting. In summer another meeting will be held at Danzig for the election of a new presidential bureau, and it will then be seen whether matters can be arranged so as to unite the parties or whether the secession of the dissentients will be irrevocable.

The last decision that Mr. Justice Kekewich gave has been upheld by the Court of Appeal. This is the action in which the Tenby Corporation sought for an order declaring their right to exclude Mr. Mason, the editor of a local paper, from attendance at their meetings. There was a good deal that was farcical, as there always is in quarrels of provincial politicians, in the story told to Mr. Justice Kekewich. The Council charged Mr. Mason with making unfair and biased reports: he took his stand on the "dignity and independence of the press". Mr. Justice Kekewich held that there is no statutory right in the public, and therefore not in press reporters, to attend the meetings of Town Councils: their admission being in the discretion of the Council. In our opinion it would be better for public business if the discretion were exercised more freely. It is often the desire to play to the gallery and get local notoriety that is responsible for the absurd scenes and discussions that frequently figure in the newspapers.

What a shock the Public Trustee must be causing those easy-going gentlemen who inhabit the legal departments of the public service! Not content with the éclat of a new departure he has taken to advertising his willingness for work as an executor and trustee, has sent round letters and circulars, and is generally pushing his department into public notice. Solicitors are extremely angry, and there certainly is grim humour in the case, for while the Public Trustee may advertise as much as he pleases, the etiquette of the profession compels a solicitor to refrain from public self-praise. The Act was undoubtedly intended for the benefit of the poor, but a glance through Mr. Stewart's excellent little pamphlet shows that the moderately well-off person will also find useful and cheap consideration. The annoying part of the whole thing, from the solicitor's point of view, is that Mr. Stewart, instead of merely doing what is offered him, is willing to give any amount of advice and prove his usefulness in any direction possible. Evidently Mr. Stewart can see a joke, otherwise he would hardly have circularised the Bar on the merits of his office.

We make of course no comment whatever on the adjourned inquest at Westminster on a woman who is supposed to have died from the effects of cocaine; but we believe that the sale of cocaine ought to be in any form at least as difficult as the sale of arsenic or prussic acid. Cocaine is undoubtedly used as a drug by an increasing number of people to-day, and it is a deadly habit. Drugs of this sort in one way are really far worse than the poisons that kill instantly, and their

sale ought to be almost prohibited. Where only one person will kill himself by prussic acid, a score or a hundred will do so through these tempting drugs. It is time a stringent law were aimed straight at the drug-taking evil.

Crosby Hall is really getting on one's nerves. We never know when it will jump up next. One day it is lost hopelessly, the next it is saved without doubt and we all breathe freely. The Government has come forward and a scheme will make it all right. The next thing we hear of it is that it is again in danger. The London County Council and the City Corporation and Companies were to do something as part of the salvation scheme, and we can only imagine that they did not do it. The latest stage—we must not say the last—about Crosby Hall is that an application is to be made to the Prime Minister to receive a deputation to obtain a grant of public money under the powers conferred by the Ancient Monuments Acts. And now we can write "the last stage". We read to-day (Friday) "A score of workmen are pulling down Crosby Hall". Vale!

We hope that Waggoners' Wells may be saved from the builder. At present this very beautiful spot is free to the public, but there is grave danger of its being taken up by those who deal in "good residential sites". It would be a smaller matter to buy this bit of land and water than it was to buy the Whitaker Wright property on Hindhead near by, and we see the "Times" mentions eighteen hundred pounds as the price. Undoubtedly one of the loveliest bits of landscape in the South of England is to be seen at Waggoners' Wells. Many years ago Mr. G. W. Godwin, in his little book on "green lanes", described it as a bit of Switzerland in Hampshire. What with Hawkley Hanger—of which stout Cobbett tells us in that fine book, "Rural Rides"—and Headley's fourteenth-century tower, and wood and water, this spot is really worth visiting. At Headley Lord Salisbury—then Lord Robert Cecil—once lived. "I was often in conflict with him", said his neighbour, Roundell Palmer; "his style of speaking was vigorous, acid and incisive; he was friendly to the Confederate States, and no man delivered harder blows against the Government in the contests of those days, of which I got my share, for he spared neither friend nor foe. Notwithstanding this, we were in private life fast friends."

If the London County Council really wishes to do something to justify its existence, why does it not take up the fog evil in London? The state of things lately has been horrible. Even when the day is not turned into midnight, and it is just possible to breathe in the streets without being subtly poisoned, everything is filthy beyond description. Half an hour after one's hands have been washed they are black again. Yet it has been scientifically demonstrated that these fogs and this filthiness are due to ignorance, carelessness, and pure selfishness in the use of fuel, and that there need be no fog at all in London. Why are the factories scattered about London allowed to contaminate the air as they do every day and night? Their chimneys belch forth without ceasing black fumes which kill the air. Every one of these factories ought to be compelled to consume its own smoke. This would be no interference with trade—it would be but an interference with those who injure the trade of London and actually kill many of its inhabitants.

The name of Mr. Frank Richardson's latest novel may have occurred last Saturday to some of the "Spectator's" friends if they read the end of its article on "Ostracism". Therein the "Spectator"—sublimely unconscious of its dreadful defeat in Mid-Devon—declared that it had no desire "to seem harsh or unjust to the Tariff Reformers"; and, with a burst of generosity, it went on to suggest that the time is ripe for an honourable truce between the Preference and the No-Preference sections. Ripe it is in truth—almost to rotteness so far as the "Spectator" grouplet is concerned, that grouplet whose organ was busily decrying and seeking to damage Mr. Balfour's leadership only the other week.

### THE THIRD LAP.

MR. BALFOUR spoke at Glasgow before the result of the Mid-Devon election was known. Yet there was in his speech a sound of exhilaration, as of a man who felt that he was through the worst and that a better time was coming. Mr. Balfour is an old hand at politics now, and he knows that the third session of a Parliament is often the beginning of an Opposition's opportunities. Unionist members must be looking forward to the coming session almost with a pleasurable impatience. In a Parliament's first session everything is rose-coloured for a Government with a strong working majority. Full of their triumph at the polls, big with the great things they were going to do, exuberant in their untired energy, our Liberal majority thought Parliament a paradise (even Mr. Birrell did then) and all opposition a jest to be jeered or howled down. However the first session turned out not to be all play—there was more skittles than beer about it—the career of the Education Bill had a very sobering effect; and many a Liberal went home at length more than a bit sick at the thinness of the gingerbread's gilding. And the second session, with its ludicrous Irish fiasco and the appalling New Hebrides exposure, was more trying still. Very little of the blitheness and exhilaration of "our bright era of hope" was observable now. With all their leviathan majority, what had they done? They had miserably failed in Ireland; they were caught doing in the New Hebrides precisely what they had charged Unionists with doing in South Africa; their nonconformist brethren were left crying in the wilderness for relief and got none; the total of their two sessions was a trade-union Bill which was not the Government's Bill and an Army Bill which everybody sees to be the scaffolding for a scheme of compulsory service, despite the almost cursing protests of the War Minister. The Labour Party are openly dissatisfied; they declare the House of Commons to be useless and incompetent, and proclaim their total disbelief in the Liberal party. All this tells on the strength of a majority. Liberals come back to their work more or less tired men already; their wind is getting short; how different from the enthusiastic springiness of their first assembling. And on the top of all this comes the Mid-Devon election; a constituency that was never anything but Liberal gone bag and baggage over to the Tariff Reformers; a breach in the stalwart Liberalism of Devon which stood firm in the Tory deluge of '95 and the Khaki deluge of 1900.

Exactly as all these things sombre the prospect for the Government and their followers, they brighten it for the Opposition. It no longer seems hopeless to stand up to the unnumbered hordes on the Government benches; it has been possible to make an impression even on them. There is every inducement now to hard work and constant attack; the Opposition has only to peg away and the Government's power will be found to be crumbling. Now every individual Unionist member has a chance by himself of doing serious damage to the Government. Even the natural course of events—the growing age, if not declining years, of a Parliament—stimulates an Opposition as it wears down Ministerialists.

No one of course supposes that the Government are going to be beaten on a vital division in the Commons. Their men will stick to them. To outvote them is not the object; all that is wanted is to press on the process of discrediting; to hamper the Government so that they cannot pass any of their big schemes to which the Opposition object; to make their incompetence to carry out their numberless election promises the contempt of the whole country. Thus it is nothing to Unionists if the divisions show time after time a great Government majority. A motion may be quite effective in the country which has only twenty Unionists behind it in the House. Once a Ministerial majority shows signs of weariness, no criticism even of the smallest details, no awkward question about obscure matters, no division however hopeless, is wasted energy.

The Government have before them a bill of fare stuffed with the most indigestible diet a Ministry could



tackle—licensing, education, Ireland, and the Lords. Licensing has upset many a Liberal Government; it has more than once brought on an attack from which a strong Liberal Government has never recovered. Are they going to steer their course with a view to conciliating their opponents, the Trade, or heartening their supporters, the Alliance and their like? It is more than likely they will try to do both and so fall between both. Either way they will be stimulating a strenuous opposition without any public justification. Mr. Balfour's Licensing Bill, whatever some may think of its shortcomings, has at any rate done much for temperance. It has had the effect of largely reducing the number of licences at the cost of the Trade itself. At the same time it was not unjust. We doubt if any Licensing Bill will be passed which will have any greater success than this, or commend itself more to a reasonable man. Of course, if the Government mean to bring in a Bill that will please the foolish folk that would entirely destroy the liquor trade, they can very easily do so. But they would not get the general support of the country; and the Bill would break down in its working. If on the other hand the Government bring in even a decently fair Bill, a Bill that at any rate pretends to be fair, they will alienate the extremists, all of whom are their supporters. Unionists may look for much sport out of the Government's drink programme. Anything may come of it, except temperance.

And education? Mr. McKenna steps up. Well, we know what Mr. McKenna has in store for us. He has told us he is coming with a sword. We shall be interested to see his sword and to watch his struggles to draw it. Perhaps he will not get so far as that, but will fall over it before "the blade leaps from the scabbard". Many a man before now, unaccustomed to wearing a sword, has fallen through its getting between his legs. Mr. McKenna should practise assiduously before he shows his sword in public, or his end will be ridiculous. Mr. Birrell certainly flourished his olive-branch with considerable grace—though to no purpose. It would be a terrible falling-off if Mr. McKenna were to fall over his own sword. One cannot take the new Education Bill seriously. It will not pass, in any case; and it is simply waste of time introducing it. This country will not allow a universal undenominational system—a political compromise—to be imposed on those who do not want it but simply wish to have their children taught their own religion. Mr. Birrell is a wiser man than Mr. McKenna. There was more chance—though never much chance—of cajoling than dragooning us into accepting such a plan. The Church has treated Mr. McKenna's regulations for training colleges with contempt; so will it treat his Education Bill. The stentorian sternness of the drill-sergeant may be terrible to his recruits; but neither Church nor State is to be terrorised by drill-sergeants.

Mr. Birrell will strike a very different attitude over his Irish University Bill. He will be dealing with a matter that killed one of Mr. Gladstone's Governments—perhaps his greatest—and we do not quite fancy Mr. Birrell succeeding where Mr. Gladstone failed. However, for our part, we shall be glad enough if Mr. Birrell can deal adequately with a pressing matter both parties have neglected too long. But it is certainly edifying to see Mr. Birrell, here the hope of the Nonconformists, the great advocate of undenominationalism, the anti-sacerdotal champion, there in Ireland leaning on the hierarchy and the priests and preparing to introduce a scheme for a denominational, if not frankly a clerical, university. It is the two horses again, as Mr. Balfour said at Glasgow. Every member of the Ministry tries the fake in turn.

Finally the grand attack on the Lords. Is the little harmless resolution—all that followed the tremendous flourish of last session—to sprout into a Bill this year or not? We have not heard very much of a House of Lords Bill lately, when Ministers have been talking of coming legislation. Ministers are beginning to feel that a House of Lords Bill means putting their life to the touch, and they don't like it. If they send up this Bill to the Lords, the Lords will reject it. Then what? If we go on, we shall be found out. We said

the Lords prevented our doing any good work, then we ought not to hang on. If we say we *are* doing good work all the same? Then the Lords can't be standing in your way. And if we go to the country? Mid-Devon!

#### THE PARADOXICAL LABOUR PARTY.

THE proceedings at the Hull Conference of the Labour party show that, whatever else it may be, it is the Champion Paradoxist. This, however, it has always been, for with all its boasting of its intention to be independent of the two official Parliamentary parties it has never, except on one occasion, been anything but a hanger-on of the Liberal party, and it has been almost as submissive as the Liberal Government could have wished it to be. Its girdings at Mr. Burns was only an indication of its anger at its consciousness of impotence and a relief to its feelings. The one occasion we have mentioned was of course the Trade Union Bill of 1906, which it did force through Parliament in spite of the disgust of the Government. One remembers all the more distinctly this one act of undoubted independence and power of the Labour party in the week when there is general regret at the death of Sir John Lawson Walton. But since this one solitary triumph they have been inconspicuous; and the "Clarion's" way of expressing it is that they have not produced a single Plimsoll. It is true that they have not produced a man of conspicuous capacity for leadership nor one greatly daring. Even Mr. Keir Hardie was tamed by his leadership of a party composed of sections that had to be kept going by the exercise of that "political sagacity" which Mr. Blatchford has been so scornfully ironic and satiric about. Mr. Hardie has found relief by talking whirling words in India and anti-imperialism in the colonies. The reason for the party's victory on the Trade Union Bill was that on this particular question it was a united party in principle, and therefore in action, and above all it had the backing of all the working classes whose political activity counts. It has had nothing like that since; and the proceedings at the Hull Conference are significant as showing that it is not likely to have anything like it in the future. The party has been saved in the meantime from an open split by a resolution on Tuesday that the constitution of the party is not socialistic. But this formula was contradicted on Wednesday by the decision that it would pursue socialist objects. The former was a public concession by the stronger power; the latter an assertion of the realities. Thus the party is not representative of the working classes generally as it seemed to be at the time of the Trade Union Bill, but is divided.

The Taff Vale case made the Labour party, and the Liberal party too very largely. Then the Labour party did represent the working classes; but from what is it to get a representative character at the next election? Since 1906 on all important questions it has been dragged in tow by the Liberal party. That party's views on the Army and Navy, on the relations between this country and the colonial dominions, have been echoed by the members of the Labour party. Are we to infer from this that they represent the views of the working classes who supported the imperial and military policy of the Conservative Government and were with them heart and soul in the South African war against the pro-Boer advocacy of their Labour leaders? These same leaders have also identified themselves with the Liberal Government on the question of education; but except so far as the working classes belong to the denominations of the Independents and the Baptists, and they are comparatively few, there is very little reason to suppose that they are in agreement with their professed leaders. The working classes are not, any more than other classes, zealously religious; but they are not so "advanced" that they dislike religion for their families. They may be more or less indifferent themselves, but they are not indifferent about it for their children. Yet when the Labour members have made any distinction between themselves and the Liberal party on education, it has been by proposing secular education as the alternative to Liberal policy. They lost the Liverpool election by

their association with those who identify socialism with irreligion and unaccustomed views on family life and matrimonial relations. All they could do was to exclaim, what is quite true, that these views are excrescences on socialism and have essentially nothing to do with it. They suffered, however, for their associates' "indiscretion" at Liverpool and they will do so elsewhere.

Whatever influence the Labour party has had with the working classes has in reality depended on its association with the Liberal Party. Those classes have had a tradition of liberalism and radicalism and with the vanishing of that tradition the Labour party would find its supposed power vanish with it. Its members are committed to the Liberal policy of free trade, and with this and trade unionism in 1906 they could assume to be leading the working classes and make a boast of their independence of the Liberal party. With trade unionism disposed of, we do not see on what grounds the Labour party can claim the command and allegiance of the working classes. A change in the opinion of these classes as to free trade would scatter both Labour party and Liberals to the winds at the next election. This change becomes more to be expected with the coming into prominence of old-age pensions. There both Labour party and Liberal party are practically brought to a standstill by their free-trade doctrine. The Liberals have no resources for any but an inadequate scheme. Mr. Asquith is presumably to propose that £2,000,000 be set aside for forming a pension fund for persons over sixty-five. This might perhaps provide for one in seven or eight. No exact calculations can be made because it is not known what would be saved on the Poor Law administration. In any case if an old-age pension fund is not to be a source of corruption, it must not leave applicants to be selected on nobody knows what principle. It would be as bad as a charity administered by a political party; the political and social corruption would be appalling. Are the applicants to be chosen by lot? This would be too ridiculous for proposal. Any analogy with the German system, where about the same annual sum is spent, is fallacious, as that system is contributory. Where, then, is Mr. Asquith to get his money for a universal scheme? By this time even Liberals have been driven to the conclusion that cheeseparing on the Army and Navy is no longer feasible. At Hull a resolution was passed that some £23,000,000 must be raised by a special tax on unearned increments. This is a fine and hopeful proposal to place before the rich men of the Liberal party. How delightedly they would join with their quondam allies of the Labour party in making this a common programme at the next election! They gulped at the Trade Union Bill, and in the end swallowed it, but this would be too much for their gorge. It would rise at it. Liberalism will never go to the polls on such a programme as this. And yet it almost seems as if the "sagacious" managers of the first Hull resolution, professing to waive socialism as the Labour party's policy, had some notion that it would cozen Liberalism into continuing the alliance. "In hoc signo"—Socialism—they say we shall triumph; but in the meantime let us draw trade union funds, and cultivate and educate the trade unions, who are not Socialists but Liberals; and in this way by serving God and Mammon we shall allay the fears of the Liberal party. We shall appear to be keeping up the alliance which the Liberals squirm at when we are insolent to them, as we have been often, but which they have clung to because it was not to their party advantage to let it go. But surely this game is too gross and palpable even for the Liberal newspapers who have been so anxious to whittle down the socialism which is so alarming to the other sections of their party. The Liberal party cannot coquet for ever between its rich men and its shopkeepers on the one hand, and the socialism that affects its company on the other; and the diplomatic arrangements of 1906 will come to an end. The second Hull resolution will make it open its eyes at last.

But whether the trade unions are converted ultimately to socialism or not, it is evident from the Hull proceedings that the time is not yet come. And if they are not Socialists there are others, and far the more numerous

of the working classes, who are neither Socialists nor trade unionists. Yet all of these are anxious about a working scheme of old-age pensions. There is nothing in politics at present that affects them so deeply. Will they see any practicability in the Hull scheme for raising £23,000,000 a year?—a scheme which would be possible only if the country had become converted to socialism, which, as even the sanguine Mr. Grayson contemplates, will be a matter of considerable time. It will become more and more apparent that the question of old-age pensions is intimately associated with tariff reform. By the next election the helplessness of the Liberals will have been made manifest by their inability to solve that question; and tariff reform will take on a shape it had not in 1906. To raise the petty fund of £2,000,000, Mr. Asquith tells them they must continue to bear the high food taxes they have to bear notwithstanding free trade. This is a suggestive enough hint as to the relation between pensions and a fiscal system; and they may go on to make an application of it which will not be to the credit of Liberal free trade. If Liberals bawl out Protection, may they not reply: Working men in Australia have adopted protection and made it a means of securing for themselves another kind of protection—protection against sweating, and for fair wages and other better conditions of labour; can we here not make out of fiscal reform a means for protecting our old age from poverty and the workhouse?

#### THE BALTIC AND NORTH SEA PROBLEM.

NOTHING is ever likely to soothe the nerves of the ingenious panic-mongers who see in every act of foreign diplomatists a mine laid by Germany for the explosion of the British Empire. But for their latest alarm they have less excuse than usual. In the negotiations which have for some time been carried on between Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Stockholm as to the status of the Baltic no attempt has been made to observe secrecy or to aim a blow at Great Britain. They are but one of the natural and foreseen consequences of the rupture between Sweden and Norway. From the factiousness of the Norwegian Radicals and the lamentable weakness displayed by their deposed Sovereign has ensued an international complication, which, however, has caused no anxiety to sensible publicists because the task of unravelling it was taken in hand before any difficulty had reached the acute stage. By dissolving the union with Sweden, the Norwegians had ipso facto abrogated the guarantee of territorial integrity which had been given to the joint realm in 1855 by Great Britain and France. The date of the instrument is a sufficient indication of its purpose. It was an undertaking to protect the Scandinavian peninsula against Russian aggression. The existence of that safeguard should have induced the Norwegians, if their patriotic sense had corresponded with their political fervour, to put up with the very slight sentimental inconvenience of their loose association with Sweden. But though they were precipitate in dissolving the marriage de convenance (and sacrificing the solid settlements accompanying the bond) at least they showed due diligence in regularising their new condition. By the recent Christiania Agreement they have obtained a fresh pledge of security not only from Great Britain and France, but also from Germany and Russia.

The Swedes, according to their wont, have moved more slowly. For a time, it might have been thought, they were at a loose end. But their problem was less simple than the Norwegians', since Sweden is one of the four Baltic littorals. The arrangements now in progress relate to three of those Powers—Russia, Germany, and Sweden. So far, as St. Petersburg communiqué has this week explained, Denmark has taken no part in the discussion. The reason is not obscure. By her geographical position, if Denmark chose to fortify it (and stand the racket), she is the natural warden of the Baltic. Were she the mistress of a powerful navy she could close the gates either for ingress or egress. But in the past she has tasted the perils of a responsibility which her people are neither



rich nor warlike enough to maintain. Rightly or wrongly she prefers to claim immunity from attack by standing in nobody's light. Perhaps it is not altogether a dignified or quite prudent attitude, but she has no other choice except that of arming to the teeth and standing on perpetual guard. There are, of course, many patriotic Danes who declare that if their independence were threatened by Germany they would ask to be annexed by the Crown of England and rely upon the British Navy for defence. But that is one of the remote contingencies which may serve to amuse pamphleteering quidnuncs, but possess no other interest. Certainly it could not be realised without a great war in Europe. Although, however, the military and naval strength of Denmark is negligible, she cannot be ignored in any scheme for converting the Baltic into a *mare clausum*, since that purpose could not be achieved without either obtaining her goodwill or forcing her into acquiescence. The fact that she is not a party to the present *pourparlers* is a sufficient proof that no such object is in view. There is but one way of making a *mare clausum*: by being strong inside to prevent any outsider from making an entrance. This is not achieved by diplomatic parchments or by building navies on paper. It is a question on which the seamen will have their say, and nobody else can speak with relevance.

Since the Berlin Foreign Office does not, as a rule, go out on wild-goose chases, we may unreservedly accept the assurance, published with Prince Bülow's authority on Wednesday, that the contemplated affirmation of the status quo in the Baltic does not apply to the right of navigation, either in peace or war, but to the territorial possessions of the different littoral Powers. Of course there are German theorists who argue that those Powers have the right, if they happen to be in agreement, to exclude the warships of all other nations, but it is one of those rights which have never emerged from the potential stage and could only be asserted by superior strength. For example, the question might be raised if the four Powers combined to forbid the cruise of a British squadron in their waters. But that, if not a declaration of war, would be inviting us to make one. Needless to say, no such idea underlies the discussions taking place between the three Powers.

A wider problem would be opened if the position of Denmark were to be made the subject of international deliberation. Obviously, no arrangement could be accepted by Copenhagen statesmen which regarded her only as a Baltic littoral. Her place on the North Sea is equally vital, nor could that be regularised except under a treaty which also extended to Holland and Belgium. It would, no doubt, be eminently satisfactory, as Mr. Lucien Wolf argues, if a pacific understanding should be reached as to the future of the smaller States on the North Sea. This, perhaps, is one of the possibilities of a regenerate diplomacy, when all the Great Powers, animated with a like spirit of cosmopolitan brotherhood, shall be engaged in exchanging vows of abstinence from territorial diet, and proving their sincerity by putting their mailed fists into paper fetters. But if such an arrangement were brought forward at the present time, when the suspicions aroused by the sanctimonious talk at the Hague have scarcely died away, the only result would be the kindling of quite an unnecessary strife. Just as some worthy British patriots see in every German move a sinister scheme against this country, so in Germany there are persons, more numerous and still more perverse, who are sincerely convinced that successive British Governments, the present blessed dispensation not excepted, have chiefly been occupied in plotting ruin for the Fatherland. In the passion for universal delimitation which has extended from Africa and Asia to Europe itself, there are perils not less acute than in the time-honoured and not altogether unsuccessful British tradition of thinking only a few years ahead—say, for the next generation or so. However benevolent may be our purview, it is not at all likely that our grandsons and their children will look through our spectacles at the problems of their own days. Imagine what blunders might have been made by sagacious persons in the middle of last century if they had assumed that the foreign policy of France in 1908 would be dominated by the spirit which was thrown into it by Napoleon III.

Is it not possible that similar errors may be committed by critics in our own time who think that the aims which they attribute to the Kaiser Wilhelm and Prince Bülow will remain for the next fifty years as standing orders at the Wilhelmstrasse? It may be well to leave some things for posterity to work out for itself. It will not always be in statu pupillari.

### THE CITY.

THE reduction of the Bank rate to 4 per cent. was a welcome surprise, as most people thought there would be no reduction, and the sanguine only counted on 4½ per cent. Strange to say, the good news produced no effect except on the Consol market, where Consols rose to over 85, a figure which they have not touched for a long time. Brokers and jobbers complain that markets were better a month ago, when the Bank rate was at 7, than they are to-day with the rate at 4. This is certainly true of the market for Home Rails, which has gone off sadly during the past week, mainly owing to the disappointment at the reduction in the dividend of Great Easterns, and the almost unbroken record of decreases in the traffic returns. Why there should be these heavy diminutions of freight on lines like the North-Eastern and the London and North-Western it is difficult to say; but "Berwicks" fell from 144 to 142½. In brilliant contrast were the large increases of traffic on the Buenos Ayres and Rosario, no less than £13,000 (odd), and on the Buenos Ayres and Pacific, over £7,000 for the week. "Rosies" responded by rising to 110, and, as we have all along predicted, will soon be at 116.

This action on the part of the Bank of England directors proves two things, viz. that they think all danger of a financial catastrophe in the United States is passed, and that they take a favourable view of the monetary situation in this country. There can be no doubt that confidence has been restored to the banks and the trust companies in America far more quickly than anybody expected, and perhaps than they deserve. The hoarded gold is undoubtedly coming out of the bureaux and being re-deposited in the banks. But this does not alter the fact that production is being ruthlessly curtailed in all directions (for the Americans never do anything by halves), and that consequently business generally, and more especially railway freights, must shrink in volume. This will inevitably lead to reduced dividends. In short we can only repeat our conviction that the strength of the stock market in Wall Street is maintained by the magnates for the purpose of "distributing" among the public the shares which they were forced to buy during the panic. As soon as the big houses are out, or have reduced their holdings to comfortable dimensions, there will, in all probability, be a serious fall in Yankees. Not that it can do much harm now, as we fancy there are very few speculators left in that market on this side of the Atlantic.

In the mining market there is no feature of any interest, unless the wild fluctuations in "Tints", which daily take place, can be so called. Rio Tintos are in the habit of beginning the day, say, at 68; of rising at noon to 69, and of closing their gambols about four o'clock at 67. That is an average day's performance, and can be amusing only to those who make "Tints" the study of their life. To operate successfully in the Rio Tinto market a man must know all about the supply of and demand for the metal, as well as "the technical position", i.e. the relation of bulls to bears, both here and in Paris. It is therefore no wonder that "Tints" are abandoned to specialists, who are mostly foreigners. De Beers Deferred move uneasily between 13½ and 14½, the bears and bulls apparently being equally matched, and the legal fencing match between Sir Julius Wernher and M. Lemoine having no effect upon the market. We have never seen any statement as to the price at which the Frenchman claims that he can produce diamonds, though that is the point of interest. Rubies have certainly been produced artificially, and, we believe, emeralds; but the cost has been greater than that of digging them out of the earth. On the other hand, if Lemoine can make

diamonds cheaply, they will cease to be valuable. The shares of the Oceana Consolidated Company have fallen to 8s., which, according to a contemporary, is the result of wicked bears making a malicious attack upon the company. We see no reason to adopt this far-fetched explanation, when a simpler one is at hand. The company pays no dividend, though it has a capital of nearly £1,000,000, and the market may possibly take the view that the directors have invested the capital in wild-cat promotions and unprofitable mines. If the market takes this view, the directors have only themselves to blame, as they refuse to publish a list of their investments. The days are over for this policy of haughty secrecy, as the shareholders will doubtless bring home to the board by means of a committee of investigation. As long as directors are successful—that is, as long as they declare good dividends—they may do almost anything they like with shareholders; they may withhold or they may publish their list of securities. But a suspicion has long been creeping into the minds of Oceana shareholders that their directors are not heaven-born financiers, but mere commonplace muddlers. The Chartered Company's extraordinary meeting of shareholders was, of course, a kind of "puff preliminary" to the issue of another £2,000,000 of capital. The speeches of Mr. Birchenough, Lord Winchester, and Mr. Hawksley were mere tall talk about the "potentialities" of Rhodesia, its railways, its farms, its mines, its tobacco, even its mealies. But after twenty-one years of potentialities the plain business-man may be forgiven if he asks for a few actualities. The Company has never paid a penny piece to its shareholders since its formation in 1888 or 1889, and when we are told by Mr. Hawksley that there will be a surplus next year we remember to have heard the same remark during four lustres. The shares, which were rigged up to £8 just before the Jameson Raid, now stand at 15s., which is fifteen shillings more than they are worth. As a political venture Rhodesia may be all right. If it is politically necessary, or even advantageous, for Great Britain to hold Rhodesia, let our Government take it over and pay for its government. Why individuals who go into the City to make money should be asked to pay for the administration of an enormous territory which can never return a profit on the huge capital is not easily intelligible. By taking over Rhodesia the Government would be relieving the shareholders of what is more a liability than an asset.

#### INSURANCE.—MUTUAL LIFE OFFICES.

LAST week we referred to the effect upon insurance companies of the low prices of Stock Exchange securities at the present time. We explained that in all probability the rate of bonus declared by some life offices would be less than previously because of the necessity of writing down the value of securities. At the same time we remarked that some of the best offices would not suffer in this way and would be able to maintain bonuses at the former rates.

Prompt confirmation of this last statement reaches us from the National Provident Institution. The directors announce that after making full provision for shrinkage in values due to the depreciation of Stock Exchange securities, they are able to show a surplus for the past five years of £834,406, of which £806,976 will be divided among members entitled to share in profits. It is added that the bonuses will be at the same full average rates as were declared at the last three quinquennial divisions.

This is eminently satisfactory, but only what we expected from the National Provident. A few weeks back a daily paper anticipated a reduction in the bonuses of the National Provident. The reasons for this opinion seemed to us inadequate, and the unwisdom of prophesying so shortly before the event was apparent.

The National Provident Institution is typical of a select class of life offices, whose work is to some extent threatened by modern developments. Recent years have seen a craze for bigness growing up among insurance companies in this country which in many

respects corresponds to the mad desire for magnitude which was mainly responsible for the troubles of the American life offices which we criticised adversely for years. Several of the big fire insurance companies have been acquiring the businesses of other offices, and have all taken up accident insurance, while the latest notion is that they should do marine business as well. These numerous absorptions have resulted in huge organisations and an intensely fierce competition between the offices. The competition is not limited to obtaining business from individual policyholders, but extends to the acquisition of other insurance companies. So frequent have been these amalgamations in recent years that there is good reason for thinking that the normal effective management of routine business has been seriously disorganised by the absorption of the energies of the principal officials over the purchase of other companies and the settling into place of the acquired agency organisations. This abnormal and not altogether healthy increase in size may possibly prove profitable to shareholders in the long run, but we doubt if it makes for the benefit of policyholders. We are especially sceptical about any good resulting to the holders of life assurance policies.

Unfortunately magnitude impresses the minds of the public in a quite unreasonable way. People think that these very large companies must at least be safe and do not trouble to inquire whether they are in a position to give such good value for money as the smaller life offices. Speaking generally the assurance companies that transact life business only give better results to their policyholders than those which undertake all classes of insurance. The principal business of these universal providers among insurance companies is to earn dividends for the shareholders. The competition of mutual life offices compels the proprietary companies to give most of the profits of the life branch to the policyholders, with the result that this department contributes relatively little to shareholders' dividends. Life assurance, therefore, in these companies is apt to appear of less importance than other branches to the directors and principal officials. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains that companies which transact life assurance only are as a whole better for policyholders than companies which transact other classes of insurance as well; while among purely life offices the mutual as a class are better than the proprietary. Perhaps the only bad result of the Life Assurance Companies Act of 1870 was that it made impossible the formation of a new mutual life office: these offices as a whole are better for policyholders than any other. If any of them disappear by absorption they cannot be replaced by new institutions of the same class. The existence of the mutual societies, concerned solely for the benefit of their policyholders, is undoubtedly threatened by modern developments. Some have already disappeared and others are only too likely to follow the example. It is to the interest of all who want life assurance at its best that the strong group of mutual life offices should be well supported, that their merits should be widely recognised, and that their work on present lines should be continued.

#### "A COMEDY OF SENTIMENT."

WE were all very much gratified to find, last Wednesday night, at the Royalty Theatre, that Mme. Albanesi does not despise the stage. When novelists dip into dramaturgy, almost always they are careful to leave behind them whatsoever good qualities they may possess, for the purpose of not wasting good material. They are convinced that nothing which is not quite obviously foolish has the ghost of a chance of succeeding in a theatre. I do not say they have no reason for this faith. Many twaddling plays have been lucrative, and much money has been lost over good work. But there are degrees of twaddle. And the novelist-playwright sets to work, almost always, too low down in the scale—lower than the point at which the playgoing public feels happy and comfortable. And thus, after the first act of "Susannah—and Some Others", there was an atmosphere of cheerful pride throughout the auditorium. We inflated our



chests, nodding and smiling jauntily to one another, as much as to say "Mme. Albanesi does not despise us". She has given us, indeed, of her best. In her novels she has the knack of projecting characters which are pleasantly natural, ladies and gentlemen (ladies, at any rate) who are very agreeably alive; and she has the knack of writing dialogue which is always light, fresh and felicitous. In her re-creation of Susannah for the foot-lights, she has not husbanded these good knacks. Nor has she (as is the way of novelists) proceeded on the arrogant assumption that every member of the audience will have read and remembered the book dramatised, and that the story need not, therefore, be told with any straining after lucidity. Nor has she refused to sacrifice many features of the book which would not help (and so would mar) the play. Much of her play is, as I shall suggest, not dramatic. But to her credit be it put that she has realised the difference between the narrative form and the dramatic form, without supposing that playgoers are an inferior race as compared with readers of novels. The outcome is a very pleasant piece of work indeed. Not too pleasant, as Mme. Albanesi's description of it, "A Comedy of Sentiment", might incline you to fear. It is not sugary. There is nothing remotely idyllic about its main motive: the sacrifice of a young girl's dignity to the convenience of her married sister. Lady Corneston has been flirting with a young man named Adrian Thrale, and has compromised herself with him in the eyes of her husband, Sir Edmund, who threatens her with a judicial separation. Terrified, she conceives a happy thought to set her husband's mind at rest. If Adrian were engaged to be married to her younger sister, Susannah, Sir Edmund could have no more to say, and would look distinctly foolish into the bargain. It is a pity that Adrian and Susannah are not in love with each other—have not even met. Never mind: she will bring them together, and will work on them separately to induce them to pretend to be engaged until the fuss shall have blown over. Susannah is devoted to her, and very young: she won't like it, but she will give in. And Adrian will have to give in, of course. Lady Corneston is a charming creature in dire distress, and surely enough, and soon enough, the two young people are prevailed on to obey her. At first, naturally, they hang back. The situation is equally unpleasant for them both. But how can they refuse to accept it? At the end of the first act, we see Lady Corneston coming down the staircase, with her arm round Susannah's waist, to announce to the party assembled that dear Susannah and Adrian are engaged to be married. It is an effective scene—the lamb led to the slaughter, with another lamb thrown in. It is a situation that has been well led up to; and a situation pregnant with irony for the immediate future. Adrian's mother is overjoyed. Adrian has been "wild" and "weak", and marriage with a bright and innocent young girl is the very thing for him. Besides, Mrs. Thrale has taken a great fancy to Susannah, and regards her as an ideal daughter-in-law. She is full of plans for the welfare of the two young people. Altogether, she is a splendid medium for dramatic irony. Or rather, she would be if we were not so sure that her prognostications, based on false evidence, were nevertheless perfectly correct. There, indeed, we touch the flaw that vitiates the whole structure of the play. We have, from the outset, a foregone conclusion. We know that the two young people will presently discover an absolute affinity. Their behaviour, when they first meet, without knowledge of the use to which they are destined, suggests love at first sight. It is only the awkwardness of the ensuing situation that obscures their feelings; and through that veil, very soon, those feelings shine unmistakably forth. Oh yes, of course the engagement will end in matrimony. Let them be quick and perceive what is so patent to all of us. But then the play could not fill the evening bill. Evidently there is to be a misunderstanding. It is duly effected, this misunderstanding, by a jealous woman; and Susannah says she despises Adrian, who thereupon says he will give her reason to despise him, forcibly kisses her, and rushes away. Ten months elapse before the happy ending. Retardation of this kind is not dramatically effective. We are moved at

sight of people struggling to overcome obstacles which are inevitably there; but not at sight of people kept waiting until certain obstacles which have been foisted in shall duly have been removed. Mme. Albanesi has foisted in an obstacle merely to prolong the play; and, as we know that in due course she is going to remove it, our emotions are not touched: we are only conscious of a demand on our patience. This demand we readily meet, having regard to the goodness of Mme. Albanesi's dialogue, and the vividness of her characters—that is, of her female characters.

I have yet to see a woman's play in which the male characters shall seem real and vital. As portrayers of a sex not their own, men have a decided advantage over women. I have seen various plays in which the heroines were as real and vital as though they had been evolved from the brains of women. The heroines, I say advisedly. For heroines are not apt to be either very young girls or old ladies: their time is in the prime of womanhood. On his portrayal of old ladies and very young girls the male dramatist is seldom to be felicitated: these figures come out pale and perfunctory—figures drawn from casual observation, without real interest. And this is where the female dramatist is a little recompensed for her failure to portray a man at any moment of his course between the cradle and the tomb. She has been a girl herself, and will probably become an old lady; and these two personal facts (she is ever personal) are enough to give her an understanding of old ladies and young girls. Susannah, as presented by Mme. Albanesi, is not the mere "ingénue" that a male dramatist would have palmed off on us: she is a live girl; and to this fact is partly due the success which Miss Nina Sevensing makes in the part. And Mrs. Thrale is an old lady drawn with real insight and sympathy: Miss Florence Haydon, who plays her, does not, as usually she does, have to rely solely on her talent for saying things in an amusing manner. Not less true a character is Lady Corneston herself. She is admirably played by Miss Gertrude Kingston, but is not (unfortunately for Miss Kingston) so good a part as she is a character. Almost throughout the play, it is but in one mood that we see her: the apprehensive, distracted mood, the verge of hysterics. Miss Kingston portrays this one mood with much elasticity and variety, but cannot altogether banish the impression of monotony. Mr. Dawson Milward, as Adrian, has very flimsy material to work on, and works very badly on it. The fault is not his, but that of Nature, who has not conferred on him the air of lightness and impulsiveness which is needed to carry off Mme. Albanesi's conception of a wayward young man. From the moment when he comes carefully down the staircase, on his way to bathing in the river, with a towel neatly arranged over his shoulder, he is suave, polished, honeyed, exemplary (one would vow) in every relation of life. Mr. Fisher White, as Sir Edmund Corneston, has that most "ungrateful" of all parts—a bore who is meant to appeal to the sympathy of the audience. Mr. White does not, of course, dare to be funny; but the more steadfastly earnest and sympathetic he is, the further are we from tolerating poor Sir Edmund.

MAX BEERBOHM.

#### THE NEW ART OF THE BLACKBOARD.

THE "illuminated symphony" has at last been seen. For two or three weeks programmes and predictions, typewritten and printed, have circulated in crowds. We have been told that a performance in darkness will be given in the Queen's Hall; a glittering list of patronesses follows; then the object of the illuminated symphony is defined at length; then follow opinions on the new idea of the illuminated symphony by two musical critics; then opinions and reviews of the poem, by persons of varied eminence, from printed and unprinted sources; then a biography of Mr. Joseph Holbrooke; then a brief note on Mr. W. H. Bell; then, finally, a biography of Mr. Herbert Trench; no, not finally, for Section VI. gives clear and copious directions as to "how to obtain the poems beforehand" ("obtainable at any booksellers, e.g. Messrs. W. H.

Smith, Bain, Truslove and Hanson, Hatchards, Bumpus, Denny, &c."); while Section VII. insinuates that "early application should be made for tickets". Is this kind of advertisement a reasonable or dignified way of appealing to the public? is it a due way of preparing any serious student of music or of poetry for a work of art which we are told "is a reversion to the earliest Greek theory on the respective functions of the two arts"?

Queen's Hall, as one entered it, seemed to have put on new, strange garments. In the front of the stage was a vast white screen, partly but not wholly concealing the orchestra and chorus; this screen was draped in red rags that seemed to support it or frame it in, reaching out and drooping on either side like the fragments of a pink tulle dress which a lady had inadvertently put her foot through. Preliminary gilt laurel crowns lay profusely about. Darkness suddenly descended, and a loud and horrible drone of the organ, followed by a still louder and more horrible boom of a gong, introduced to the astonished sight glaring a head of Apollo, an illuminated plaster-cast thrown on the white sheet, which had now turned into a square of blackness. Then the light returned, and the title of "The Shepherd" came out on the screen in white letters. The music which followed, by Mr. Bell, defies description. Such futile parody or plagiarism I never remembered to have heard in the form of what professed to be original music. Then, after a moment's relief, the serious work of the blackboard began. The first two stanzas of a song were written neatly upon it, as a schoolmaster writes neatly on the blackboard with a white chalk. As the music and the voice of the singer came to the end of the two stanzas, a sudden duster of darkness wiped them out, and the busy schoolmaster of the white chalk added the two final stanzas. Then, after a longer pause, the illuminated symphony began. The same process was repeated, and the whole text of the poem of "Apollo and the Seaman," was gradually flashed upon us, two stanzas or so at a time, quickly or slowly according as the music had much or little to say in its accompaniment. Though the letters were stationary, the effect was as trying to the eyes as that of a cinematograph, and, to anyone who wished to attend to the music, a continual intrusion. The mind was violently transposed from placarded verse to illustrative music, striving and straining to assign its due length to every limit of the blackboard. So far from carrying out the claim of the programme, "to enable the eye and intelligence to co-operate with the ear", the result of this "new art form", as it was presumptuously called, was to baffle eye and ear alike, in a confusion of word and sound.

The programme tells us that "it is intended to develop programme music by placing the interpretation and intention of the music beyond question or cavil, and thus to avoid something of the uncertainty necessarily attaching to 'analytical programmes'". A better demonstration of the folly of so-called programme music was never seen than in this degradation of two arts, in the attempt to combine both in one substance. No such combination was made, and the fetters in which Mr. Holbrooke had willingly placed himself were heard jingling through the entire performance. And now let me say that my disgust and anger at this inartistic affectation of "new art" is caused in part by my respect for both the perpetrators of it. Mr. Trench is a genuine poet; when I read his poetry in a book I get pleasure and delight. His poem, "Apollo and the Seaman", frankly founded on Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner", whose stanza and method it uses, but with a symbolism wholly his own, and an original thought and imagery, is a poem which I read with great interest and attention on its publication. It seems to me uneven, but the finer parts are really fine; and, if I do not quite grasp or like the symbolism, that is a matter of individual opinion. Mr. Holbrooke's music I heard for the first time, and in spite of its theatrical qualities, its broken outlines, its wandering energies, its vain attempts to be literally faithful to the minute details of the text, I realised a certain power and originality in it, which came as an immense relief after Mr. Bell's faint imitations, and which convinced me that this composer was capable of something much

finer under better conditions. Here then were two men of capacity, each treading on the other's heels in turn, in the endeavour to climb a narrow path together, towards a height from which they fell off into different gulfs.

Was there ever a more lamentable self-deception on the part of two sincere and ambitious artists? Here is an imaginative poet scribbling his verses in electric light on a dark screen, as if he were setting children to spell out his meaning letter by letter. Such verse as this is a thing to be read, pondered over, got slowly into the mind, to which its appeal will be slow if certain. It is not dramatic verse, it is meditation rendered through a form of romance, and it is in no way suited to the accompaniment of music. Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner" as a romance from a conception purely imaginative: what moral we can gain from the mysterious music and wan phantom voices of it is of secondary importance. Mr. Trench has aimed first of all at developing a problem; then, being a poet, he has found beautiful and thoughtful and often original ways of conveying his ideas. He does, therefore, what he set out to do; and there should have been an end of it. But now Mr. Holbrooke comes in, "the present work affording him great opportunity for further development of musical ideas": so the programme. But the musical ideas would have come to him better if he had read Mr. Trench's poem, found out the meaning and beauty in it, and then hidden it away out of his sight and created an Apollo and a seaman of his own. Then, call it programme music if you like, let his hearers read or not read the poem, "bound in buckram and gilt-edged", and we shall have a musical composition which will stand on its own legs and can be judged on its own merits. Mr. Holbrooke seems as if he could write music if he would write it for its own sake, and not in the disguise of the showman. Showman's music this, of necessity; for was not the pit of hell to be made audible at exactly this line, which we were spelling out with anxiety lest it should be gone before he had got it into our hands; and was not "benefit of clergy" with its rhyme of "surgy" (quite admissible in a written thing) to be indicated at once or in succession in notes of music? Then there was the chorus, coming as it did at the end, when the only need for it was over, as if with a last confession that music could not, even with words written out for its hearers, make itself sufficiently clear to their intelligences. The poem died away, in quietness and hope, as a wave might subside. The chorus set on it the traditional finale of the Italian opera.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

#### THE REAL WORTH OF GREENSTUFF.

IN spite of the modern vogue of gardening and the multiplication of garden-books, it may be doubted whether there ever was a wider gap than there is at present between the producers and the consumers of the choicer kinds of vegetable provision. Except in quite humble spheres, the fruits and flowers of the dinner-table are a matter of course, no more looked into than the textile data of the tablecloth or the breaking strains of mahogany. Our markets with their wide range of supply fill in the gaps of failure and almost abolish the idea of bad seasons; perhaps it needs a concrete shock—a slug in a celery-stick or an earwig which drops from the chrysanthemums and scuttles over the centrepiece—to remind the civilised diner of his ultimate connexion with the soil. This divorce of interests is not altogether a healthy state of things; without going all the way back to the Saturnian age, and gathering every one his own acorns and scooping his own mouthful from the stream, we may admit that the theory of the proprietary vine and fig-tree has to do with the sound conception of a State. Covent Garden as a universal go-between has a lowering effect on our moral economy, as well as on the vegetable tissue which it handles.

The matter is not quite so easy as it may appear at first sight. Important principles may lurk in the barbaric confusion of a macédoine, as in the simplest



elements of a dessert. The apple on your plate, is it Tasmanian, Californian, or grown in a right Kentish clayey loam? Can you say or do you care whether the national fruit crop this year was a full one or a dead failure? Is there not room for economics here? Might not a certain working knowledge of the wants and ways of celery, say, or early rhubarb or late French beans have a bearing on questions of the unemployed and that ominous abstraction *The Land*? Is it not possible that a man with a remedy for *Plasmodiophthora brassicæ* may be a more valuable member of society than one who neither knows nor cares that cabbages in the Borough, owing to a general murrain on the tribe, cost a penny more than they should?

The present state of things tends to an entire misconception of the real worth of greenstuff. The polite diner expects to find the forced potato and the deferred pea fall into his mouth as automatically as the Christmas hyacinths and the January roses bloom beneath the candle-shades; and as society is constituted the horny-handed grower rarely gets the chance of explaining to him across the table the struggles which have gone to produce those embellishments to a plain existence. The sum total of work represented by a cauliflower or a pottle of strawberries seems little likely to become less under the existing physical conditions of growth. After every allowance made for the British agriculturist's well-known superstition against an overweening complacency with his circumstances, it cannot be doubted that the gardener's enemies have increased at a disastrous rate during the last few years, and during the past season have defied all precedent. The struggle has in many places reached such a point that a man may well begin to surmise that he is going to be beaten from the field. There are ebbs and flows in the course of destruction, and something of Nature's balances is usually visible in the worst times; but a personal review of, let us say, the last ten or fifteen years—to avoid the risk of a too archaic consule Planco attitude—is a recollection of steady multiplication of blight and vermin and the extension of their attack to new fields. We have seen, in the stretch of no long memory, the extraordinary increase in the damage done to fruit-buds by small birds, the development of fungoid growths so that in some soils the carnation, the gladiolus and the hollyhock are practically extinct, and the old white lily is destroyed in countless places where it was a principal charm in village and cottage gardens. The names of even a tithe of the enemies which the gardener has to fight in a single year make an ugly catalogue. During the past season there was a really calamitous excess of plagues of very different natures. The onion-maggot devastated the beds in May, attacking—against all the rules—the transplanted seedlings as well as those from open-air sowings. Mildew cut down the later peas, which were dust-dry at the root but constantly damped overhead by trifling showers. "Spot" devoured not only the carnations, but for the first time attacked the sweet-williams in force, turning whole plots of seedlings into grey decaying rags. Potato blight and tomato disease followed the sunless summer, and wasps, though their nests might be taken by hundreds in a parish, made havoc of all the later plums and pears that were not tied up safely in muslin. Finally there fell upon the trenches such hosts of the celery-fly as no man remembered, and either stunted the crop or wiped it out altogether. And all the while finch, mouse, slug, wireworm and caterpillar maintained their normal activities: perhaps club-root in the cabbage tribe was the only enemy which did not appear in its usual strength.

So much for the current account. A study of earlier garden literature produces the impression of a sort of golden age when, beyond a little wholesome exercise with the aphid and the turnip-fly, there was hardly anything to distract the gardener from his purely productive labours. The garden-guide of early Victorian days did not provide a large appendix upon the diseases of plants, with the monotonous refrain to its sections "There is no known cure". It seems that sixty years ago "spot" did not greatly trouble the carnation-fancier, nor the peronospora the tulip-grower; the puccinia fungus, coming from South America, had not fastened on the hollyhock; no one had dreamed yet of

the spore which was to cause incalculable loss to potato-growers and bring a famine upon Ireland in two or three seasons. To the gardener of to-day it must seem that if he could go back to Millerian or even to Paxtonian conditions, he would think himself inside Eden again.

In the breathing-time between his struggles with his foes he may speculate a little on the causes of the decline and the chances of reform. He will perhaps ask how far it is likely that the soil of our islands may be fouled and sick by long use and close standing. Are we merely paying the price of a diseased taste, the desire for size and for violence of colour and form, in contempt of the wholesome mean? To what extent may economic interferences be to blame? In times of depression he may chance upon speculations of uncomfortable depth, may begin to have doubts about his own locus standi in the matter, and to see man himself as the supreme blight and destroyer of life, in a way from which even the rigid vegetarian has no escape. If the fungus sends its mycelium through the potato and sucks out its existence, or the wasp frets the jargonelle, they are merely beforehand, for once in a way, with man and his reaping-hooks, forks, shears, knives, his whole armoury of destruction. From such profundities the consideration of practical remedies will not do much to raise us: we shall see visions of a threatened régime when the garden will be half fortress and half laboratory, fenced and roofed with nettings of every mesh, from rabbit-proof to wasp-proof, and sprayed and painted with seasonable poisons in the use of which the leaflets of a Government department already instruct the rural mind—an establishment solvent, perhaps, as a factory of vegetable tissue, but altogether horrible. Something of the kind really seems quite probable. It is already almost as difficult to grow strawberries unprotected as it is pineapples; bush-fruit is hardly to be had on a commercial scale without methodical bird-slaughter; we must have our cupboard for our sulphate of copper, our Paris green, our cyanide of potassium. Agriculture—taking the word, as it always should be taken, to include gardening on any scale—seems likely under the existing conditions to become so far a destructive art as to lose nearly all its old generous influences. The work will go on somehow, whatsoever the conditions, here or under other skies: our friend the man who dines, who has a soul above horticulture and knows nothing of the sources of supply, will get his untimely peas and peaches, his winter roses as unfailingly as ever—at a price. He may come to his final "floral tributes" without once having an inkling that the price implied bankruptcy in more directions than one.

#### WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE announcement a few weeks ago of the King's generous gift of £250 to the fabric fund of Winchester Cathedral will surely help to call public attention to the dangerous condition into which the great church has fallen. Nearly £30,000 has already, it seems, been subscribed and spent in the work of underpinning the walls of the crypt, the presbytery, and the Lady Chapel, and a further sum of £60,000 will be required. At the present time the south wall of the south Norman transept, which is as much as four feet out of the perpendicular, is shored up with a vast forest of timber, a mournful object-lesson in the perilous condition of the building. But large as is the sum required by the Dean and Chapter it must be raised. The people of England cannot allow the cathedral which stands second in historic interest of all the churches in the land to fall into decay.

Consider the church archæologically. Its massive Norman transepts, its delicate early English presbytery, its splendid perpendicular nave—"the grandest Gothic nave in Europe"—its magnificent chantries, the great screen of the choir, the side screens supporting the six mortuary chests which contain the relics of Saxon kings—make a series of striking illustrations of the various styles of architecture from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries. It was in the year 1079 that Bishop Walkelin, a near relative of the Conqueror, began to build the present

cathedral, the transepts of which remain almost unchanged. The stone for the building came by water to Winchester from the Quarr quarries in the Isle of Wight, and the king granted Walkelin as many trees in Hempage Wood as he could fell in three days with which to roof the building. Whereupon a dramatic incident followed. The bishop gathered together "carpenters innumerable", and cleared the entire wood of oak trees, leaving none remaining save the traditional "Gospel Oak" under which S. Augustine is said to have preached. The church, which took fourteen years in building, was consecrated on S. Swithun's Day, 1093, when, as we learn from the old chronicle, "the monks came from the old minster to the new, and bore the saint's shrine in triumph into the new church. On the next day, at Walkelin's bidding, they began to break down the old church, and it all came down that year except one porch and the high altar." It is possible, as Dean Kitchin once suggested, that Walkelin placed his apse close to the west door of the older Saxon church, and when his main fabric was completed pulled down the old church and built his Lady Chapel on its foundations. There is, the Dean pointed out, some masonry of high antiquity in the crypt, just to the east of the Lady Chapel apse, which seems to countenance this view. When the vast structure was completed it was the largest church in Christendom, and with the one exception of S. Peter's at Rome it still remains the longest in Europe. In 1107, just fourteen years after its completion, the great central tower fell, in consequence, so it was believed, of the burial of the Red King beneath it, and the present low tower at once took its place. Towards the close of the century Bishop Godfrey de Lucy reconstructed the eastern part of the church, removing Walkelin's Norman Lady Chapel, and building, in the beautiful Early English style, the present retro-choir and Lady Chapel. Then in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries came the great transformation of the nave from the Norman to the perpendicular style. This work, though begun by Bishop Edington, and finally completed by Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Waynflete, is mainly associated with the genius of William of Wykeham, who, without removing a single stone, transmuted Walkelin's Norman nave into "the finest, and perhaps the most simple, specimen of perpendicular work extant". Later on, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Bishop Fox was busily engaged, not only with the building of his own exquisite chantry, but also with the east window of the quire, the completion of the great screen and the vaulting of the presbytery.

A distinguished American writer has truly said that "within the shrine of Winchester Cathedral are buried the architects who erected that most beautiful cathedral in Europe; but not every architect is so happy as to sleep in the structure his hands have builded". Bishop Walkelin was buried "in the very midst of the great church that he had built", under the rood-loft on which stood the silver cross of Stigand. The plain slab of grey marble in front of the Lady Chapel no doubt marks the resting-place of Bishop de Lucy, while the chantries of Edington and Wykeham in the nave, and those of Beaufort, Waynflete, and Fox in the presbytery, are among the peculiar glories of the cathedral.

When John Evelyn "vissited" the cathedral in 1642, what struck him most was "the Saxon kings' monuments", which, he says, "I esteemed a worthy antiquity". The great diarist was undoubtedly right in regarding the mortuary chests as among the most interesting relics of the cathedral. Till the grave of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey drew other famous sepulchres around it, Winchester was the chief royal burial-place of the kingdom. In the crypt of the old minster many of the West Saxon kings and bishops had been laid to rest. There Kynegils, the first Christian king, had been buried, and Ethelwulf the father of Alfred, and Egbert, "the first king of all England", as the chroniclers call him. There too Cnut was buried, and Queen Emma, "lady of the English", and the mighty Earl Godwin, and Edmund—perhaps Edmund Ironside—and Hardicanute, the last Danish king. There the Bishops Wini and Alwyn were interred, and doubtless Archbishop Stigand, who passed away in 1072. In the days of Bishop Henry de Blois,

who founded the Hospital of S. Cross, the bones of these "mighty men" were removed from the Saxon crypt into the Norman cathedral; but since the monuments bore no inscriptions whereby the remains of ecclesiastics could be distinguished from those of kings, the good bishop is said to have mingled the bones together and placed them in leaden chests. Three hundred and fifty years later the relics were transferred by Bishop Fox to the present wooden chests, carved and painted in the style of the Renaissance which was then beginning to appear in England. These chests were broken open during the great rebellion, and the contents, in the words of Evelyn, who again visited the cathedral in 1685, "scatter'd by the sacriligious Rebels, and afterwards gather'd up againe and put into new chests". On one of the mortuary chests the name of Rufus is inscribed, and though in popular opinion the Norman tomb standing in the centre of the quire, immediately under the central tower, has been associated with the Red King, yet Stowe, writing in 1592, says "he is buried at Winchester in the Cathedral Church or monastery of Saynt Swithen, under a playne flat marble stone before the lecterne in the queere, but long since his bones were translated in a coffer, and layd with King Cnutes bones".

After the royal burials the most interesting in the cathedral are those of the statesmen-bishops. It was natural, as Winchester was the wealthiest see in the land, and moreover one of the seats of royal power, that kings should make use of the position in order to promote their chief men. Thus, we are told, low-minded kings gave the rich prize to their favourites and nobler monarchs to their ministers. This is why the Bishop of Winchester was often Chancellor of England, and why, when the Order of the Garter was established, he became its Prelate. The first of this line of ecclesiastical statesmen was John of Stratford, who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury. He was followed some years later by Bishop Edington, who refused the Primacy on the ground that if "Canterbury had the higher rack, Winchester had the deeper manger". His beautiful chantry, and the chantries of those who succeeded him in high offices of State—of Wykeham, Beaufort, Waynflete and Fox—have already been alluded to in connexion with the builders of the cathedral.

After the time of the Reformation Winchester's historical associations are of diminished interest. Still the altar-tomb of good Bishop Morley, the simplicity of which is entirely in keeping with his saintly and retired character, awakens many recollections; while many persons continue to visit Prior Silkestede's chapel, where beneath a marble slab rest the remains of Izaak Walton, the prince of fishermen and the prince of biographers. A medallion of Bishop Hoadly calls to mind the controversies of the eighteenth century; and in the north aisle of the nave, not far from the noble black marble font, will be seen the grave of Jane Austen, who passed away in 1817.

Thus the Cathedral Church of Winchester has claims upon the people of England which can hardly be exaggerated. The "mournful magnificence" of the old pile in its present unsafe condition should appeal to the hearts of all English-speaking people. That the great "Temple of Silence and of Reconciliation", which exhibits in striking splendour the successive styles of Gothic architecture, which guards the remains of Saxon and Danish kings, which contains the superb shrines of ecclesiastical princes, which is a unique illustration of our early and mediæval history, should be suffered to fall into decay would be a national disgrace and catastrophe. That it is in danger of such a catastrophe is evident from the architect's report. That the danger can easily be averted is equally beyond question. It is only a matter of money. And the money must be found.

#### ON TAKING A WALK.

ALL the raw material of the cheap descriptive novelist is before and about me. The wind roars steadily in the fir plantation at the back of the house and booms in the chimney; rain swipes the window-panes and broken ivy-branches are tossed across my line of vision.



Just on the western hills, beyond the dark valley, the sun is sinking; blood-red rays shoot through the cloud-rifts; and the clouds bulge with more rain here, and there are torn by the bluster into ragged menacing claws and tentacles. Secure against wind, rain and the dreary cold, I sit, pipe in mouth, toes almost in the blazing oak-logs, and meditate—meditate hopefully.

No descriptions of winter storms for me to-night. I meditate hopefully because the new year is in; the summer that was dead and lay behind us is not yet born and lies in front of us. And before the summer comes there will be spring, beloved of poets and fellows of that kind. Spring! How lightly a few brief centuries of civilisation rest upon us, after all. Winter no longer keeps us indoors: paved roads, trains, electric trams and goloshes have done away with all that; but at the thought of spring the pulse jumps and the blood quickens and sweetens; and though we never dream of chasing the deer we could almost yap in crabbed scientific phraseology the old evergreen minstrel song of the re-birth of things and green young shoots and early flowers. Whatever we may have learnt, we remain wild animals all. Science has perhaps made us precious gifts; but the human heart by which we live is bequeathed by a thousand ancestors who lived and fought, joyed and sorrowed and died, before science was thought of.

Spring is good and summer is good; but in the spring or when the thought of spring is in the veins all seasons seem good—even winter with its dismal rains and snows, and the autumn when if all life seems a-dying the best is being safely harvested. Spring is the morning of the year as autumn is the evening; in the morning the crops, whether of the earth or of the human mind, grow; in the evening they are put away for use. Milton dreamed his dreams till the evening of the year came: then he got as much of them as he could upon paper for us; Beethoven composed out of doors until the evening of each day came; then, if there was nothing worse to do, he wrote them down. Yet a spring morning is double morning and double spring, and things will come up in the mind and ripen in a flash. It is then that a thought comes to you, still and pure and clear, and slips into perfect shape and form at the same moment, so that you trap it and hold it permanently with the fresh bloom of the first intention not lost.

Spring is the time of imperturbable good humour: the bubbling of new life and ideas, the perpetual succession of fresh sensations, keeps washing away all small worries that, like sand or grit on a sensitive skin, would irritate at another season. I once cycled the length and breadth of France with the most fretful man I ever knew. We never had a cross word till the arrival of opulent summer—how this mood tends to a too, too opulent use of adjectives!—but in July we quarrelled on the boat from Calais to Dover, and we hardly speak now. Perhaps another French spring together would make us friends. But if e'er I wander in that pleasant country again I shall walk. At best the cycle is an easy mode of getting over uninteresting, undesirable patches of territory; and times have changed. The motor-car has come in; and where the motor-car goes there are dust and nasty smells and tourists—three deadly evils; and, generally speaking, the cycle can only go over roads that the motor-car has captured. For me the quiet bye-lanes and un-wheeled woods and fields; through them on mornings of the day some lucky morning of the year I hope to ramble, either alone or with an unspoilt companion who has ideas in his head, be they ever so silly—the more aimless and haphazard the better. A chap who knows something about butterflies, or birds, or flowers, is first-rate; you can listen or not as you please, and pretend to understand him when you don't. But may my good angel preserve me from one who knows all about the habits of the country and the local monuments and landmarks. He might enjoy himself; but playing the uninstructed schoolboy during a holiday to a zealous, enthusiastic pedant is tiresome, for the schoolboy.

Loving walks as I do, I—and I firmly believe the rest of mankind—have great difficulty in starting on one. Consider the ordinary town working man. During

the week he gets on well enough without a drink until mid-day, and in bad weather he does on Sundays; but on a fine Sunday he gaily goes the requisite legal three miles and a bit. The drink is only the incentive, the motive, the object: he wants the walk, but needs something to make him start out. Weekday or Sunday I am the same: I must have an object. Ever so slight a pretence serves. For months I walked four miles to the post-office and four miles back for the sake of getting my letters an hour earlier; and I had delicious times and was then and am now the better for it. Such brief journeyings, however, are not, properly speaking, walks—they are only walklets: before you use so dignified a name as walk your itinerary must be one of three or four hundred miles. Give me the man who puts on his hat and says "I'm going out for a stretch—will be back in three weeks or a month". That man will do himself good: one who sleeps at home every night, though he go to the post never so often, may keep his health but will bring back little richer or rarer with him—one's letters are seldom of any value. But the object, the incentive?

To-night my fancy runs on a spring-time walk in France; yet I can give good reasons. We prognosticate the unknown future from the known past; and I have gone about France on a bicycle, on foot and in a donkey-cart, and have learnt that I can always get food and shelter there and can always find an incentive to go on. I am not unpatriotic. Especially I mean no disparagement to English scenery. The earth has no nobler, none more romantic and lovely and tender. There is a sweetness in the austerity of a sombre Northumbrian or Yorkshire moor that one can get nowhere else; the wild-flower scent and apple scent of a deep Devonshire lane on a summer day haunt the memory. But one cannot live on bread and cheese and a glass of ale; and for sleeping, a hayrick is not always available, and though a bed on the heather is airy and appeals to the imagination a night-shower washes off its romance. In France, at every village I have always found a meal, shelter and a friendly chat. For incentive, there are, to mention no others, famous battle scenes, splendid old châteaux and the birthplaces and homes of great literary men. Lately I read a very dull and uninteresting book on literary France, but it had at least this use—it suggested to me a trip on which I would see as many places as possible connected with France's masters of literature and painting. I will mark the spots on a map, and then, running a line through the most convenient, travel along that. And when I have seen them they will have served their purpose in leading me over the kilomètres, and I will refrain from taxing them further by writing a book for the market. What I bring back will be more precious to me, if to no one else.

Ah, reader, let me persuade you to my way of thinking! When the dull weather is past and the days lengthen and the spring sunshine warms the earth, do even as I would; and, above all, take my counsel as to the uses of a donkey-cart. Never again shall I go on a walk, a real walk, without one—not of necessity to ride in, but to throw twenty or thirty books into for the evenings and wet days, and provender to cook and utensils to cook it in, and whatsoever you may choose to drink. Then you are master of your fate if not captain of your soul. You can never go far without coming on an auberge; but what is more delightful than pulling up by the wayside and cooking your own lunch, or on a fine evening your dinner? And should you be footsore or find a bit of rough road or even be a little late, you can always jump in and drive ahead merrily. A well-fed donkey seems never to tire: those who have never taken one as a travelling pal have no notion of the number of miles he can cover if you wish to go at seven miles an hour instead of a bad four. Stevenson tried the donkey, but not the cart, and I am sure the cart is less trouble to a donkey than a great bag to hold your baggage by day and yourself by night. Both donkey and cart can find quarters anywhere, whereas he who wishes to do the thing more stylishly may find it at times harder to get a stable for his horse than a bed for himself. I vote solid for the donkey-cart; and as a last recommendation let me point out that both can be hired dirt-cheap, cost little to

keep up, and are absolutely no trouble. Besides, a donkey—not of the human species—is always intelligent and an agreeable friend when you want to talk.

Of course the object is nothing so long as it is definite: what you pick up as you go is the thing—what you hear and see and smell, what comes into the mind unbidden. There may be fifty miles between you and the next "place of interest" marked on your map. Start every day at dawn while the air is cool and sweet and the cultivators, each with his cheery word, are going out to the fields; the white road, with the dew to keep the dust down, stretches invitingly before you with its long rows of poplars. Pull up about eight and manfully cook your own breakfast; jog on till you are minded to lunch; take your afternoon's ease, and, starting at five, go on again until you find good quarters for the night. Never miss a market-dinner; it is a joy, especially if you can display an intelligent interest in vines and beetroot. Have a game of billiards with the mayors of villages; despise not the schoolmasters; carefully cultivate the curés—where there are any left in this epoch of France's madness. No one need ever be at a loss for a thousand interests. Then there are the dawns, the mid-day splendours, the evenings and the wondrous nights. One night I remember—one of a sort rare even amongst such nights. The party had dined at the market-dinner and were wending their way homeward through the forest of Fontainebleau. (That forest might occupy one for a year: no good Englishman or American who can settle down in or near it ever leaves.) The tyre of one cycle burst and there was a stop for repairs. The darkness deepened; our chattering gradually ceased; the full moon floated slowly up. From the miniature tableland—about three acres—where I sat in my cart, miles on miles of tree-tops could be seen, now stiff and sharply defined, now, as a faint whiff of wind struck them, becoming confused and seeming to roll gently like a dark, unfathomable sea. Before us, this; on either side and behind us, black depths of forest. One came into touch with sheer nature, always strange and new, always at work. The odour of pines, wild-flowers and fresh damp grass was in our nostrils; out of the silent blackness there seemed to float sweet, rich, mysterious, unthinkable, unfathomable meanings, paradoxically poignant and definite as those of splendid music, and as untranslatable into words.

Having foreworn descriptiveness, here am I trying, in Stevenson's words, to communicate "the incommunicable thrill of things". But, after all, I am only trying to justify the walker, or donkey-cart driver. Some of the most enthusiastic fishermen I have known declared that their best days were not always those on which they had the best and biggest catches. They, like the harmless, unnecessary pedestrian, went out for something more than that: the invaluable something it is useless to search for and that at unexpected moments comes unsought.

J. F. R.

### CHESS.

BRITISH chess-players, who for many years have almost claimed Teichmann as one of themselves, were much gratified by his conspicuous achievement in the Berlin Jubilee Tournament towards the close of last year. To encounter successfully a dozen strong players is no mean feat, though Lasker and Atkins both accomplished this years ago without even a drawn game.

And Teichmann's immense theoretical knowledge, more particularly perhaps in the strategy of the end-game, is not always adequately represented by his score, for periodical ill-health seriously handicaps his talents.

Another event of exceptional importance is Dr. Lasker's return to this country, after a long absence, on one of those professional visits which give such an impetus to club life and individual players, who can thus correct their style and measure their reputed strength. The average simultaneous exhibition, it is true, does not make a great demand on the powers of a master, but those participating, who in the hurly-burly are dexterous enough to snatch a victory, may legitimately plume themselves on their achievement. In default of any very notable specimen of home-made

skill having recently come under our notice, it may be well to recall one of the very few match games between the experts mentioned above.

The game is a clear-cut forcible specimen of fine position judgment. White rightly deploys his forces for a sustained siege—any notion of "rushing" his antagonist is, of course, out of the question—but a fatal flaw is latent in the specious sacrifice, and he enters the second stage with diminished strength. The cut-and-thrust manoeuvres are full of entertainment, and only a real strategist could have come unscathed through the mêlée.

White	Black	White	Black
R. Teichmann	Dr. E. Lasker	R. Teichmann	Dr. E. Lasker
1. P-K4	P-K4	6. Q-K2	Kt-Q3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	7. BxKt	KtPx B
3. B-Kt5	Kt-B3	8. PxP	Kt-Kt2
4. Castles	Kt x P	9. P-QKt3	...
5. P-Q4	B-K2		

This phase, not by any means "the last", was in high favour some dozen years or so ago. Winawer against Lasker here played Kt-Q4, and that famous game has some points of resemblance to the present. In both black utilises his centre pawns with great effect and wards off the king's side attack by skilful sallies of his queen around the vulnerable spots.

9. . . .	Castles	20. Kt-Kt2	Q-B4
10. B-Kt2	P-Q4	21. B-R3	R-K1
11. Kt-Q4	Q-Q2	22. Q-K3	P-R5
12. Kt-Q2	P-QB4	23. P-R3	B-R3
13. KKt-B3	Q-B4!	24. K-R1	P-Q5
14. QR-B1	P-QB3	25. Q-Q2	KRxQt
15. KR-K1	P-QR4	26. Kt(K2)-Kt1	Kt-B5
16. P-QR4	Kt-Q1	27. BxP?	BxB
17. Kt-B1	Kt-K3	28. Kt x RP	Q-Kt4
18. Kt-Kt3	Q-Kt3	29. Kt(Kt1)-B3	B-Kt5
19. Q-Q2	P-R4!		

White's idea was "chessy" to a degree, but he overlooked the potency of this counter-move in his forecast. If, instead, he had retreated the queen to rook's third, white would come out ahead by Kt-B5!

30. Q x B	Q x Kt	34. P x P	Kt-B5!
31. Q-Q2	Q-R3	35. Q-K3	Kt x QP
32. R-K4	Kt-K3	36. Q x Q	P x Q
33. Q-K1	P-Q6!		

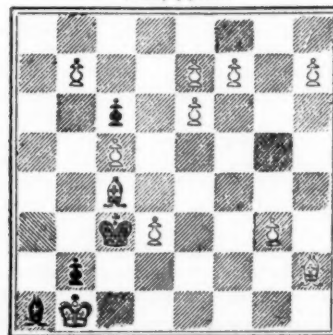
White has rid himself of immediate danger, and now attempts something with his pawns as a final spurt. But his weaknesses, caused in no small measure by the incursions of black's QRP, are against him, and black only needs to exercise care. At the last the superiority of P x P over B x Kt is apparent, since the remote possibilities of a draw are extinguished.

37. R-B2	B-B1!	44. R-Kt4 ch	K-R2
38. Kt-Q4	P-QB4	45. Kt x QBP	R x R
39. Kt-Kt5	B-K3!	46. Kt x R	R-K1
40. Kt-Q6	QR-Kt1	47. Kt-B3	Kt-Q6
41. P-B4	B x KtP	48. R-Kt3	B-Q4
42. R-Q2	P-B5	49. P-K6	P x P
43. P-B5	Kt-B4	Resigns.	

The unique four moves below merit more than a casual examination. True originality becomes rarer each year, though the promotion theme itself, of course, is ancient history. In the main play of the problem white makes all the four possible pieces, beginning with the queening of the bishop's pawn. The two moves also conceal an unusual feature.

### PROBLEM 131. By F. KÖHNLEIN (of Munich).

Black, 4 pieces.



White, 21 pieces.

Mate in four moves.



PROBLEM 132. By E. PRADIGNAT, France.—White (6 pieces): K—Q4, B—QB7, Kt—Q6, Ps on KB5, Q7, QKt7. Black (1 piece): K—QB3.

KEY TO PROBLEM 130.—1. B—Q4 and draws with King and pawn on the Bishop's file.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol.

SIR,—You wrote not long ago—"Does Lord Cromer really think that a self-respecting man is less humiliated by having to creep into the workhouse at the end than by receiving his fair share of general State insurance against old age? He will have paid his contribution towards it, as will every other taxpayer. This sort of talk of independence is worse than fallacious—it is not honest: it is hypocritical." These words will have delighted more than one of your readers: and I say they are the words of a Constitutional Tory. If the Constitution is to remain an imperial fact, justice must be done to the multitude of honest men who have honestly performed through life their part in the necessary work of our country, though their labour have been of the meanest and cheapest. Few are called to the work of a premier, lord chancellor or general, or editor of a review; the many are called to carry out the simplest details of the field and factory. But all, in degree, contribute to taxation.

We swagger here, in our little village, that we have no poor, and, I think, we are better off than our neighbours. But no poor?

My friend Clem B. is over seventy, and his hands knotted with rheumatism. We—most of us with our shillings from our twenty shillings or so a week—help him with his rent. But Clem? He grins, wet or dry, over stone-breaking. "A fine day, sir, but it be main cold." And as I pass on, with the memory of his contented grinning face, I hear the beat, beat of his hammer on the blocks of stone he is pounding. And Joe F.? He had to go—only seventy-four. "But I'll be out come summer," he mumbled over his glass and bread and cheese. In a carriage I passed him plodding back to the house—a place of harder work than the House of Commons. "Have a lift?" "No, there's the day to get back in." I did not smile at his reply.

Such men, from one end of England to the other, have led honest, hard-working, God-fearing lives. Does my Lord A., with his £10,000 a year, deserve his pension and such men but a weary ending of weary labour before death, their friend, takes them home?

Let us get rid of the dishonest, hypocritical theory that we of wealth, however small, owe a duty but to those who can save money. So long as the present social state exists, so long a great part of the labour of the country must be carried on by honest if foolish men who can by no possibility save one farthing against old age. We owe a duty to these good fellows, and if we do not fulfil it the Labour party—and rightly—will make us. Leave this, and many kindred questions, open for a generation and those of wealth will have no duty to fulfil—their power will be gone.

With some thousands of other men I am waiting anxiously to know what the Tory party means by the expression "social reform".

Your obedient servant,  
F. C. CONSTABLE.

### AN APOLOGY FOR ANTI-RELIGION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edenham, Bourne, Lincs., 20 January, 1908.

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest a review of Mr. Galton's book, "Church and State in France", which appeared in your last number. I have been a constant reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW for nearly ten years; and though I have sometimes had occasion to differ from your conclusions, I do not remember to have seen in your pages a criticism more fantastic or more unjustifiable.

The ostensible grounds for your reviewer's complaints against Mr. Galton's book are: that Mr. Galton assigns an official standing to Mgr. Montagnini, who was at Paris "in no official capacity whatever"; that Mr. Galton is, as an Anglican clergyman, guilty of great impropriety in admiring "the atheistical schools which have sprung up all over France", and in defending the action of an "anti-theistic Ministry towards a religion in which he (Mr. Galton) professes to believe"; and that Mr. Galton includes among his list of authorities M. Jean de Bonnefons, "who has been frequently convicted of deliberate falsehood".

Your reviewer contends that Mgr. Montagnini was acting in no official capacity; but admits that Mgr. Lorenzelli, the last Nuncio, "asked him as a friend to take charge of the papers belonging to the Nunciature"; and that, "being an intimate friend of the Cardinal Secretary of State, he wrote to that prelate a number of private letters on French affairs". Mgr. Montagnini was in charge of the archives; a friend of the ex-Nuncio; a correspondent of the Papal Secretary of State; yet a purely unofficial personage. Can one imagine a happier combination of circumstances? The admission has the appearance of ingenueness, and your reviewer has evidently studied what Renan called "l'art de glisser sur les faits". I quote the following from the "Times", 5 April, 1907, as sufficient evidence against the "private", and "not in any way official" nature of Mgr. Montagnini's correspondence with Cardinal Merry del Val:

"The second document consists of a few lines from Cardinal Merry del Val to Mgr. Montagnini, and is dated Rome, 6 August, 1906. The Cardinal says: 'I have received your report No. 529 with the various publications concerning the new tendencies of religious studies. I have not failed to make good use of the articles and the books which you have sent me. Thanking you for your zeal, I await the information with which you have to supply the Holy See relative to the direction to be given to the young clergy, and also to the writings referring to the Church.'"

This letter, though it refers only to the movement called Modernism, is sufficient to establish the true nature of the relations between Cardinal Merry del Val and his secret agent, Mgr. Montagnini.

Your reviewer in the second instance maintains that, as a clergyman of the Church of England, Mr. Galton is guilty of impropriety in supporting an "anti-theistic" Government against the Roman Church. This proposition is absurd in itself. It assumes, what it should prove, that the Government is anti-theistic; and that the Roman Church is a divine institution. But, apart from this inherent fallacy, it is absurd; because it implies, *mutatis mutandis*, that a Quaker should stand or fall by Mrs. Eddy. And it is fantastic; because it confuses a vested interest, the Roman Curia, with a spiritual conviction, the Catholic religion. Against this confusion, as a Roman Catholic, I wish to protest.

Finally, may I point out, that it is not the business of your reviewer to deduce, from the fact that M. Jean de Bonnefons is among the list of authors mentioned by Mr. Galton, that Mr. Galton's book is necessarily false; but to give an instance where the author by following M. de Bonnefons has fallen into error? Mr. Galton also mentions Taine; and, in my opinion, relies too confidently upon Taine's representation of "L'Ancien Régime"; but I should be sorry to argue that because Taine's "Histoire des Origines" is, as M. Aulard has lately shown, a monument of inaccuracy, therefore Mr. Galton's notions are equally erroneous.

I apologise for this intrusion upon your space; but my knowledge of your courtesy to others has induced me to expect the same with reference to a subject which I have much at heart.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
FREDERIC MANNING.

[To ask us to prove in the course of a review that the present French Government is anti-religious is absurd. We have proved it in a long succession of articles. In this connexion we have nothing to do with the proposition that the Roman Church is a divine institution. We are concerned only as Christians. As

to Mgr. Montagnini, our statement was true and we decline to qualify it in any sense. We are surprised that our correspondent is unable to see that it bears on the value of a book that its author cites as an authority one that is admittedly unsafe.—ED. S.R.]

#### ITALIAN ANTI-CLERICAL PAPERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 January, 1908.

SIR,—Miss Egerton is quite right in her correction of the title of the Italian "journal" named in Mr. Richard Davey's letter—there is the "Mulo", a Catholic paper, and "Il Nostro Mulo", which is the anti-clerical "rag". The latter, like all its obscene and blasphemous brethren, can be bought in London in a dozen or more shops. This is an abominable shame. We really do not want degenerate Italians and Frenchmen to dump their filth upon us—all the more so that the "Morning Post's" correspondent in Rome informed that journal and its readers on 8 January that, mainly owing to the horrible literature which an indolent and timid Government allows to circulate freely, there were no less than five thousand suicides in Rome alone last year. An Italian paper supplements this by saying that seventy-five per cent. of these suicides were of lads and girls under twenty years of age; and it agrees with the "Morning Post's" correspondent in attributing this sad state of affairs to the influence of the widespread propaganda of atheism and disregard for authority carried on by the Jewish publishing firms and editors. With the idea of putting aside all salutary restraint, the King of Italy is as badly treated by these journals as is the Pope, and it is evident that these "advanced thinkers" aim at nothing short of the suppression of both the Papacy and the monarchy—the altar and the throne. These are facts which the Italian people would do well to reflect before allowing matters to go too far.

Meanwhile Rome is practically empty of the usual concourse of foreign travellers and pilgrims, and the hotel-keepers are therefore in the deepest despair. Tumultuous scenes are expected in February when, in honour of the anniversary of Giordano Bruno, a great anti-Papal and anti-Theistic demonstration is to take place; for which reason sensible people are avoiding a city where they are liable to witness anti-religious demonstrations and even run the risk of having their heads broken into the bargain.

Yours truly,  
A TRAVELLER.

#### ENGLISH MUSIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 Bedford Row, W.C., 20 January, 1908.

SIR,—In last week's SATURDAY, Mr. Arthur Symonds' article discussing Mr. Ernest Walker's new book, reference is made to "Cease, sorrows, now", of Walker, "perhaps the finest three-part madrigal in existence". Is not the composer's name a misprint for Thomas Weelkes? This madrigal was published in 1597: you may be interested to hear that it has just been republished in "Euterpe" by the Oriana Madrigal Society, and this society will sing it at their next concert, which is to be held in March.

Your obedient servant,  
S. B. CAULFIELD.

#### "THE CURSE OF TOBACCO."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bordighera, 14 January, 1908.

SIR,—Perhaps the following lines of, I think, Lord Byron, may give your anonymous correspondent further pause:

"This honest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;  
Yet still, whoever he is, to say no worse,  
His name can't bring less credit than his verse."

I am yours &c.,  
WILLIAM EDEN.

#### SWERVE IN BILLIARDS AND CURLING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

78 Eccleston Square, S.W., 20 January, 1908.

SIR,—Mr. P. A. Vaile in his article in your issue of 18 January explains the swerve of curling stones, and by way of illustration describes the motion of a point in the rim of a carriage wheel passing along a road. He says quite correctly that the top of the wheel "moves more quickly through the atmosphere than the bottom". But he goes on to say: "The top of the wheel has forward motion plus forward revolution. The bottom of the wheel has the same forward motion minus backward revolution." Mr. Vaile must surely be aware that there is no "backward revolution" in this case. Any point on the circumference of a rolling circle describes a cycloid, which is a continuous curve, or rather a curve which repeats itself if the rolling is continued beyond one complete revolution.

If however a point be marked on the edge of the flange of a railway-carriage wheel this point will have a small backward motion immediately after coming down to the level of the head of the rail, and will describe a small loop in space. The reason for this is that the wheel is running along the rail on its tread and in the course of each revolution the point marked on the edge of the flange descends below the plane on which the rolling motion takes place.

The notion that there is any backward motion except in the case just mentioned may easily be dispelled by carrying Mr. Vaile's practical experiment with the trap wheel a little further. Tie a pencil to the rim of the wheel. Then run the wheel along a whitewashed wall, starting with the pencil at the bottom, so that its point marks out its path on the wall. It will be apparent that the pencil point traces a complete cycloid with one revolution of the wheel and starts immediately on a fresh cycloid without any backward motion intervening. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM PITT (Colonel).

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rillmount, Hawick, 21 January, 1908.

SIR,—In reply to Professor Turner's query of 7 December, might I suggest that the sole reason why a ball rotating with left side swerves to the right when running against the pile of the cloth, and to the left when running with it, is due to the fact that more resistance is offered to the side of the ball which is rotating against the pile than to the side of the ball rotating with it? This extra resistance or friction is sufficient to cause the ball always to swerve to the same side or cushion of the table, no matter whether the ball be running with or against the pile.

Supposing, for example, that the top cushion be at the north end of a table, and the baulk cushion at the south end: then a ball rotating with left side will always tend to travel towards the west cushion because the east side of the ball is rotating against and facing the points of the pile, while the west side of the ball is rotating with the pile and tending to smooth it down, thereby producing less friction than the east side.

This holds good whether the ball be travelling up or down the table, but looked at from the baulk end it is swerving to the left, while if looked at from the spot end it is swerving to the right.

Mr. P. A. Vaile seems to consider that "the influence of the nap of the very best cloth is very much exaggerated", but it is obviously the sole cause of the phenomenon under consideration. If the pile of a billiard cloth stood straight up instead of being brushed down, then a ball with side on would invariably act in the same way as a curling stone, i.e., left side would swerve to the right and vice versa.

Yours truly, CHAS. JAS. GLENNY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hanger Hill Golf Club, 20 January, 1908.

SIR,—I have been wondering if Mr. Vaile could explain why the modern rubber-cored golf ball when sliced swerves so much more than the old guttie used to. Golfers have great arguments over this, but I don't think any of them really know. I have asked several professionals and they cannot give me a reasonable explanation.

Yours faithfully, HASKELL.



## REVIEWS.

## THE LAST TOUCHES TO TENNYSON.

"The Works of Tennyson, Annotated." Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. Eversley Edition. Vols. I. and II. London: Macmillan. 1908. 4s. each.

WE have occasional misgivings about the "dear little reprints" of the poets which are all the thing for presents to-day. They are very smartly dressed, which is well in keeping with an age that is nothing if not dressy. But will they not come to pieces, some of them, ere their possessors have really had time to grow familiar with the contents? Now the little reprints of a hundred years or so since had a way of not coming to pieces after being read through once or twice. They even passed from generation to generation without cracking in two, and the odd thing is that they could grow old without growing shoddy. Take Bell's British Poets, for instance, which appeared in the eighteenth century. Many of these little volumes, which we can buy for a shilling apiece—or even sixpence—to-day, have passed through scores, hundreds of hands since the day of their printing, yet they are very "nice" to handle; and somehow they are much more pleasant to read than a good many of their more fashionable successors. There are various reasons for this, on which we hope to touch one day; for it is really important that the public should consider what is good or bad about the body of a book as well as about its soul. We dare not say that the dress of a book is comparable in importance with the dress of a woman—that would be too much; but we can conceive of a man attaching more value to his bookshelf than to his wardrobe; and he may be in the way to see things in right perspective. Tennyson lived and wrote somewhat after the golden age of reprints, but what with Moxon and the Macmillans he has been happy in his publishers. The annotated edition now appearing is one which he could have handled with entire satisfaction. The two volumes which have appeared so far have not a feature in the way of paper, print, binding or illustration that offends against taste. Here are books that growing old will not grow tawdry. It is impossible, as we have said, to write of the whole of this edition at present, for the most important volumes holding Tennyson's chief work have yet to come, but the many pages of the "Author's Prefatory Notes" which have already been given are of rare interest and value. What has struck most people in thinking of Tennyson is emphasised by this final edition of his poems—the completeness of his career. Was there ever before a great poet whose life and work was quite so perfectly rounded off and completed to the last detail as Tennyson's? With Shelley, Keats, Collins, Chatterton, to a lesser extent with Byron and many others, there is the sense of incompleteness. Even with Wordsworth there is not the finish, the rounding off, which one is always conscious of in thinking of Tennyson. Some silly sentimentalists think a poet ought to be poor and struggling, ever in the lap of misfortune, that, if he begins in "gladness", after should come "despondency and madness", that he should die like Burns,

"A lark short on the wing  
Just as his muse came of age".

And to them the sense of order, prosperity and complete finish about Tennyson is quite unpoetical. They have a muddled idea that his career should have been more wild and wayward, "more romantic," and that it should have been plunged at the end, if possible, into tragedy and ruin. To our mind it is much more interesting to consider the case of a poet whose whole life and work illustrates the reverse; for one thing, it is so much rarer: misfortune, poverty, and incompleteness are the commonplace of poets.

The notes to the poems, which his son has chosen and arranged with such taste and intelligence, may be taken as the last touches in the completion of Tennyson's work. Mr. Bradley's commentary on the "In Memoriam," though the most valuable work on Tennyson that has been published, showed, we think,

how impossible it often is to translate poetry into prose, despite Wordsworth's view that the two forms of literature were almost one and the same. You cannot translate "Life of Life," though Symonds attempted in one of his essays—not very successfully—to explain what Shelley exactly meant by his figure. Tennyson himself clearly was not impressed by the value of such commentary or prose explanation of imaginative work. Thus, though he sanctioned the publication of the notes which are now printed at the end of the poems, and even corrected and passed them for press, he declared that "Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colours. Every reader must find his own interpretation according to ability and according to his sympathy with the poet". This is absolutely true of much of the greatest poetry—especially lyric poetry—in all ages. The attempt to catch and imprison in severe prose the lyrics of Shelley or the subtler passages in his "Adonais" or certain difficult things in Tennyson's own threnody, is always a failure. As well might we strain to grasp a ray of light. But there are, on the other hand, many words and expressions throughout work such as Tennyson's on which the guidance of the author himself is valuable and delightful. Let us give an illustration from "Aylmer's Field", a noble poem which easily equals, if it does not surpass, "Maud" in power, though it has not the passionate lyric note of "Maud". Every constant reader of Tennyson knows the lines in "Aylmer's Field":

"Darkly that day rose:  
Autumn's mock sunshine of the faded woods  
Was all the life of it."

But how many have really perceived what was here in Tennyson's thought? The mock sunshine is taken to mean merely those faint and tepid gleams that fall on the woods on certain sad, typical days at the fall of the year. Mock sunshine is taken to mean pale sunshine. But Tennyson explains in a note, now published for the first time, that he was thinking of a day without sun at all—"the only faint resemblance to sunshine being the bright yellow of the faded autumn leaves". We must say that we never suspected such a meaning, though this curious illusion in some woods and elmy hedgerows is quite familiar to us. We have especially noticed it during the last autumn or two. There is a beautiful wood between Bletchley and Woburn on the sandhills, which appears to be lit in some seasons by its pure yellow autumn leaves; moreover the bracken fern in this wood in certain lights looks strangely like sunshine falling among the dark pines on the dark ground. But the illusion is sometimes even more remarkable than this. The elm gives it more perhaps than any English tree. We have seen elms on fine days in October and even November so shine that we have looked to the south-west to see whether the sun has not broken through the heavy clouds. This is one of the most beautiful and curious effects in autumn colouring—which is full of beautiful effects. Again, through these notes most readers will learn for the first time, we think, how to take the line—"Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall". The dreary gleams were not the curlews after all. It is put absolutely—while dreary gleams of light are flying across a moorland, radiis volantibus. It must be admitted that not all the explanations and comment are of equal value. Thus we doubt whether it was quite necessary to explain that

"Sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows"

is built on "*ἔξῃς δ' ἰζόμενοι*", &c.; for every schoolboy—as Macaulay would have said.

Of this "Ulysses" by the way the editor gives one of the many excellent comments and notes from Edward FitzGerald. Carlyle was taken by storm when he read the poem, though he despised poetry. He exhorted Tennyson to stop writing poetry and apply his genius to "Prose and Work" instead. And to Tennyson Carlyle wrote, "These lines do not make me weep, but there is in me what would fill whole Lachrymatories as I read". All the notes drawn from FitzGerald are precious, and the touches from Spedding are only too few. We must add that the editor

himself adds to these notes something of value and charm whenever he gives a recollection or comment of his own. Reading over once more many of the passages on birds and their songs and habits, one is confirmed in the old view that no English poet has done these things with such truth and exquisite skill as Tennyson. Here is nothing of what Walt Whitman called the "copious dribble". There is such compression about all his bird touches—such a sure spring upon the salient fact! Certainly no writer of prose or poetry to-day can equal Tennyson in this double merit of bird and nature description; though Mr. Ralph Hodgson in "The Winds", "The Missel Thrush", and one or two trifles in his book of verses, "The Last Blackbird", may come next to Tennyson in this.

#### THE SPANISH HOLY OFFICE.

"A History of the Inquisition of Spain." By Henry Charles Lea. 4 vols. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1907. £2 2s. net.

IT is obviously impossible for the modern mind to place itself at the standpoint of a S. Dominic, a Xavier or a Ximenes, or to pass any judgment upon the Holy Office which is worth putting into words. An age extraordinarily sensitive to physical pain sickens at the thought of rack or stake. The idea that it is right to compel people to profess the true faith revolts present-day thought, which largely holds, moreover, that the Spanish true faith was a false faith. "Inquisition dogs and devilries of Spain" sums up the view of the British Protestant. To do him justice, he is equally indignant—if he happens to be told of them, which is not often—at the barbarities practised, let us say by Calvin at Geneva or the Pilgrim Fathers in New England. The whole standpoint is incomprehensible to him. Would it be so if he had not been sedulously trained in the beliefs that the body is more valuable than the soul, that men are not responsible for their creed, and that the purity of the faith is a matter of small account? Suppose we were fired with what Hugo calls Torquemada's "amour sublime", how should we look at things? Dr. Lea, whose immense erudition supplies the reader with ordered facts rather than with philosophy, is satisfied with a few conventional remarks about the tolerant mildness of Christ's religion. Yet there are some very awkward passages in the New Testament; and it cannot be denied that Christianity brought religious strife into the world—not peace, but a sword. For the first time there was presented to mankind exacting Love's universal, absolute claim, one refuge for all from doom, and a faith worth fighting for.

The popular idea, however, that the Inquisition was always torturing and burning inoffensive heretics, and that these were mostly Evangelical reformers, is quite unhistorical. The Spanish Holy Office was established to stop the spread of crypto-Judaism, and though it afterwards extended its repressive energy to all misbelief, Protestantism never was strong enough in the Peninsula to engage much of its time. It is difficult for us to appreciate the peril to European Christianity which thoughtful and zealous men from the earliest days apprehended from a circumambient and penetrating Judaism. The complaisant intercourse between Jew or Moor and Christian fostered by the Arian Goths scandalised the Crusaders, and must in the end have produced a mongrel, syncretic form of creed. An analogous problem arises when two races on different levels of ethics and civilisation live together and intermarry. It is always the lower form that prevails. What Dr. Lea says about Christians acting as god-parents at Israelite circumcisions is a symptom of a tendency towards inter-denominationalism, based as it was on material fellow-interests, which the Church, as religious earnestness revived in it, could not be expected to approve. It is hardly just to say, "The Church at last succeeded in opening the long-desired chasm between the races". The war was religious, not racial. The details of that "guerra sacra contra los Judios"

shock us. At the worst we think of Hebrews, with Dryden, as

"A headstrong, moody, murmuring race  
As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace."

But to the prophets of mediæval Judenhetze the struggle seemed one for Christianity's very existence, and the motto of the Inquisition—"Consurge, Domine, et vindica causam tuam"—was a cry of terrified panic. The loud Amen! of officials and multitude to the oath administered at each auto-de-fé—"auto-da-fé" is the Portuguese form—binding the Crown and nation to the eradication of heresy, was no perfunctory tribute to unreasoned intolerance. Dr. Lea hardly gives a satisfactory explanation of the national passion for orthodoxy which took the place of the old easy-going attitude towards the stranger within the gates of Spain, ascribing it merely to ecclesiastical bigotry. But the fifteenth- or sixteenth-century Spaniard was no clerical. Yet every tale of scourged crucifix or obscenely-treated image of the Madonna seemed to revive the mockeries of Calvary and to threaten the triumph of God's enemies over His Bride. The Inquisition, in its objects if not in its methods, was a thoroughly popular institution. If it was also being discovered that Jew and Saracen were raking into their chests all the wealth of proud and lazy Spain, this might be a motive to its rulers to keep them in the country—Philip III. in 1611 declared that in expelling the Moriscos he had postponed the interest of the treasury to the service of God—but it did not endear them to the middle classes.

A Jew or infidel, as such, was outside the jurisdiction of the Church. When the policy of segregation in Jewries and Moeries failed, the non-Christian, who by the fourth Toledan Council could not be forced to the font, was given his choice between baptism and exile. Thus a nominally united Spain was manufactured. But the Converso, or New Christian, was soon found to be an inward-eating canker in the national religion. Little was done to touch his affections or reach his intellect; and the marvel is that so many really did become convinced believers, even unto martyrdom. In fact that is a puzzle, from the modern point of view, about forcible conversions generally. Spain, indeed, was saved from the religious wars that desolated France and Germany. And the compulsory baptism and Christian education of the children of Jews and Moriscos was quite as defensible as the decree of the English Long Parliament compelling the offspring of Romanists to be brought up as Protestants. Moreover in the end the Spanish hammer wore out the anvil, and persecution was (as it often is) successful. But the cost was a demoralised and drained community. Spain had a flowering time in which great saints, as well as a noble art and literature, came to birth. In arms and wealth the sixteenth century saw her the arbiter of the world. But her greatness crumbled at a touch and sank back into ruin. Again, the Inquisition did not pretend to be a guardian of morals, save so far as sin involved denial of faith, and atrocious corruption escaped almost scot free.

This strange institution has had its recent, as well as earlier, apologists, and Dr. Lea is careful to point out that its methods were borrowed from the secular tribunals, and administered in a far more merciful and enlightened spirit. He remarks that "the two lands in Christendom in which the Inquisition was thoroughly organised escaped the worst horrors of the witch-craze"—whereof Great Britain alone had thirty thousand victims. The abominable immoralities of Illuminism could not have been stamped out without some such agency, and imposture was quickly brought to confession by its sharp methods. On the whole, however, Dr. Lea's elaborate case for the prosecution is a very damning one. Nor will he allow conscientiousness as a palliation. In fact the idea of our day that no one is to be blamed for anything he does or holds conscientiously is here confronted with a rude test. It is not only the heterodox who are sincere.

Dr. Lea combats the usual notion that Spanish absolutism was built up by the Inquisition. But the latter, from Ferdinand and Isabella's time, made itself the engine of the monarchy, which was its patron and founder and appointed its officials. That monarchy,



especially in its later Bourbon days, was decidedly "Gallican" and anti-papal; and when the Andrewes and Laud school in England is accused of excessive reliance on the Throne, the Erastian position of the Spanish Holy Office should be remembered. Probably the word "theocratic" would be fairer in both cases. There was little love lost between the Inquisition, with its strong peninsularity, and the black Internationals of the Society of Jesus. It was constantly at loggerheads with Rome—witness the amazing Carranza episode. On the other hand it was as representing the immediate jurisdiction of the Pope in questions of heresy that it flouted episcopal authority—just as bishops' chancellors do now in England. Nor did the regular clergy escape its long arm. The Inquisition, composed largely of laymen, judged all and was judged of none. Dr. Lea is mistaken, however, in supposing that a spiritual tribunal must consist of clerks—it is the source of its authority, not its composition, that determines the character of a court. Again, Dr. Lea is an authority on the history of sacerdotal celibacy. But what is meant by saying that the Tridentine fathers made it a matter of faith?

America has sent us this massively learned work on Spain. The two countries have been linked in history, but stand also for antipodean modes of thought. There is a tone of quasi-sympathy, however, in Dr. Lea's present book which was lacking in some of his earlier ones. If the States will send us more such magna opera, we shall not be choked off even by spellings like program, caliber, neice and savior.

#### RUBBISH ABOUT PETRARCH:

**Petrarch: His Life and Times.** By H. C. Hollway-Calthrop. London: Methuen. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

SO much work has been done in Italy during the last twenty years or so, not only on Petrarch but on his times, that without any original research it would not have been difficult for an English writer with a certain critical faculty and a good knowledge of Italian to write at least an interesting book on these subjects. Mr. Hollway-Calthrop, however, has preferred to give a free rein to his enthusiasm and to ignore almost all the work that has been done so carefully during recent years. It is true that in his preface he "just mentions" that "de Sade, Baldelli, Domenico Rossetti Fracassetti, and Dr. Koerting are the modern writers to whom my obligations are greatest", but he carefully abstains from quoting any authority whatever for the many curious statements in his text; and indeed the book is without references or footnotes of any sort, so that it reads like a work of fiction; and while it often becomes a merely superficial narrative, quite untrustworthy because without corroborative evidence, it is so dull that considered as a work of the imagination it does not exist at all.

For what sort of reader are such books as this written? During the last year they have been plentiful enough to give point to this question. When a man writes a monograph of some three hundred pages on Dante or Petrarch or Tasso, it might seem at least that he should have something to say; that he should be aware of what other men have written on the subject; that he should not be quite ignorant of the work of his contemporaries. Yet here is another book on a subject so well worn that without some kind of special knowledge it might seem useless to write of it—a book full of vain repetitions, of the vaguest generalisation, inaccurate, untrustworthy, a mere arid interjection, an ipse dixit, without any evidence to support it or indeed any knowledge properly understood of the subject with which it deals. It is a waste of time to consider such a work seriously. We have spent some three weeks trying to verify the statements made in the first hundred and fifty pages, with the result that at every turn new vistas of uncertainty opened before us. The book is an unnecessary panegyric on a man who almost beyond any other in the history of Literature should be praised with discrimination. If he did much for the revival of learning and for humanism, he did more for the destruction of literature. In this,

without the profound moral sense that, even when Dante is most bitter, most arrogant and hateful, compels our reverence if not our love for him, Petrarch is typical of the whole literature he may be said to have created, a literature that has lent itself to every sort of insincerity, and for that cause even till to-day is without a tragedy. We may praise Petrarch and love him too, but not without an afterthought. If with Dante Italian literature, a new and original force full of fire and beauty, promised to rival the Greek, with Petrarch it became a mere imitation of Latin models, dying in slavery to a past it had mistaken for the future. That Petrarch himself lives and will live in spite of his literary creed is a part of his nobility. But he was the dictator of his age and he led it with a fatal enthusiasm to destruction. It is part of his excuse perhaps that every dictator in Letters has done the same.

This book, however, is not only wanting in discrimination and in knowledge, it is full of those little mistakes and loose, helpless translations or worse from the Italian which always infest this sort of work. On page 7 Mr. Calthrop translates "*Vicolo dell' Orto*" as "*Garden Street*". On page 12, for Petrarch's going to Pisa, he should consult and quote Gaspary, "*Storia della Lit. Ital.*", vol. i. p. 479. On page 16 occurs the name *Convenevole da Prato*, more usually spelt *Convenevole*. All that he tells us concerning this interesting scholar seems to have been found in Professor D'Ancona's "*Studi sulla Lett. Ital. de' Primi Secoli*" (*Convenevole da Prato*), which ought to have been quoted, and credit given where it was due. On page 17, however, he seems to differ from Professor D'Ancona, always a dangerous thing to do, for he tells us that *Convenevole* lost the "*Laws*" of Cicero which belonged to Petrarch. D'Ancona, op. cit. p. 114, says it was the two books "*De Gloria*" that he lost. Mr. Calthrop, of course, gives no authority of any kind for his statement. On page 27 we are told that the "*minor orders*" which Petrarch took "imply no stringent obligation". Well, they certainly imply the obligation of reciting the Divine Office. And if Mr. Calthrop but knew it, Signor G. Cossa-Luzi has written an article on this very subject full of interest and information. It appeared in "*L'Arcadia*", Ann. ix. No. 3 (1892). Again on page 29 Simone Martini is no "*commonly called Memmi*" and he did not paint the "*Spaniard's Chapel*" in S. Maria Novella; this is not doubtful, it is certain. On page 102 the Romagna should be, we suppose, the Campagna: the Romagna is a province east of the Apennines, south of Venice and north of Rimini. But why continue? These are a few of the minor mistakes that, while they prove the writer's carelessness, might be readily forgiven or condoned if he had anything to say. The weakness of the book, its utter uselessness to any serious reader or student, is obvious from the first in its complete absence of references and notes. It seems to be summed up in this sentence: "There is some conflict of evidence as to the exact dates, and even as to the day of his coronation; but the following narrative gives what seems to be the most probable account."

#### TURENNE.

"**Marshal Turenne.**" By the Author of "*A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*". London: Longmans. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

TURENNE was counted amongst the great captains by Napoleon, who said his campaigns should be read and read again by the student of war. We hear his name in English military literature often enough, but few, we fear, of our officers have ever really followed Napoleon's advice. No wonder if, in these days when so much in the way of official literature (?) has to be plodded through, there is scant time left to ponder the deeds of a soldier who learnt war on the battlefield itself—the best of all schools. It was in strategy that Turenne specially shone, and his aim not seldom was to gain his ends without a battle, where a less subtle general would have rushed in headlong. Yet no man showed himself more daring or courageous when necessary, and if he

did not choose to yield to political cries for blood and thunder, he did not rest content with delusive successes or hollow victories. A lesson surely for some modern generals who avoided loss with less careful analysis of the solidity of the advantages gained. Since the principles of strategy remain constant, the deeds of a great warrior accomplished by appreciating them must be worthy of study, even though he was the contemporary of Cromwell and Condé. But the life of Turenne should be read for other reasons too. His was a fine character in which a sense of duty, a generous heart, and absolute disinterestedness were conspicuous. In some respects he was like Nelson, and their careers bear some curious points of resemblance. Each was so delicate in boyhood that it was very doubtful whether he could follow the profession of arms. Both were brave and chivalrous and considerate in an exceptional degree, both died in battle, mourned not less as beloved friends than as trusted leaders. But the fiery energy that consumed Nelson did not burn so fiercely in the breast of Turenne. He was content with a victory where Nelson or Napoleon would have been disappointed with anything short of a rout, and it is in this respect we think that he fell short of such men as Wellington, Napoleon, and Nelson, and can claim no such decisive coups as Waterloo, Vittoria, Austerlitz, or Trafalgar.

In these days when personal aims and objects supply the place of worthier motives, the life of a man of character is exactly the kind of literature which our young officers should read, and for this reason especially we welcome the appearance of this book. As a military history we are not by any means so well pleased with it. A map of Western Europe, such as could be cut out of any school atlas, is all we are supplied with. Many of the places mentioned in the text are not therefore to be identified, and no diagrams or easily read sketches accompany the stories of battles and marches as they should. The book in fact may be termed "popular", and will not greatly assist anyone who wishes to study strategy or grand tactics thoroughly. True there are some reproductions of plans of the more important actions, but these bear their character on the face of them, and are quaint and of antiquarian interest rather than valuable from the military standpoint. The pages on the other hand abound in anecdotes, many of them humorous and entertaining, and they will attract numerous readers on this account to whom explanatory diagrams would not appeal. The book is most readable, more akin however to belles lettres than to Napier or Maxwell. The story of the fighting round Paris in 1652 is unintelligible without at least a sketch-map of the district operated in, and this is all the more annoying because during these engagements Turenne was much coerced by pressure from politicians, and was compelled to launch his attack without the support of artillery in a manner that ended in disaster then, as it has done ever since, and would again at the present day. On the other hand we are ready to forgive many such blemishes for the reproduction of Napoleon's criticisms on Turenne's operations. These observations sometimes amount to very severe censure, as on the summer and autumn campaign of 1673. One sees that a man may be extolled as one of the greatest of generals by the most competent of judges, and yet may be convicted of errors neither few nor trivial. All men make mistakes; it is he whose character and resolution enable him to rectify a blunder that wins in the end. We believe too that the attentive reader will gather hints as regards tactics, which are worthy of being treasured in the memory, even from this old-world story.

We have had entrenchments on the brain since the Russo-Japanese war. They are no new development and they contain the germ of disaster which they always held. Sieges in Turenne's day formed a large proportion of war. It was he who directed attention to the importance of marches and manœuvres. "It is a great mistake to waste men in taking a town when the same expenditure of soldiers will gain a province." The advice should not be thrown away.

There are some careless errors throughout the book which might have been avoided. Throughout "transports" designate the waggons &c. which carry the supplies of an army on land when "transport" is

intended. Transports in connexion with an army mean ships. One of Turenne's subordinates in 1675 was Count Hamilton, and he is stated to have been a great-grandson of the first Duke of Abercorn. The Dukedom of Abercorn only dates from 1868.

#### NOVELS.

"Sheaves." By E. F. Benson. London: Heinemann. 1908. 6s.

The problem which Mr. E. F. Benson essays in his latest book has been of late a good deal before the novelists—the love of a middle-aged woman for a very young man; yet despite its obvious interest for them, its obvious interest indeed for anyone, we still await a writer with the courage or ability to work it out. One fancies that it ought to be a woman's business; that, as the tragedy, if it has to be tragic, or the comedy, and its comedy is inevitable, touches more nearly the woman's initiative, she should be more intimately acquainted with the way it would go. And yet one is not sure. Perhaps, just because of that intimacy she might be unable sufficiently to detach her sympathies to give us both sides of the case; and women, likewise, as their poetry proves, rarely achieve the unconventional outlook; they very often improve and refine upon the masculine point of view, but seem almost unconscious that it is not their own. What the masculine point of view is Mr. Benson does not tell us, because he is content to cut the drama short before it becomes poignant. Just as Mr. Hitchens kills the man, and Mrs. Elinor Glyn the woman, so Mr. Benson accepts from death the escape from a solution. He states his case very well. His woman, a widow, is at forty just recovering from the horrors of married life, recovering sufficiently, after three years' widowhood, to be able to hope again. His man, a joyous youth of four-and-twenty, exceptionally young for his years, with a fondness for childish games, and the most wonderful tenor voice in Europe. The woman, despite the wretchedness of her wedded life, is in the full bloom of her beauty—time seems to have left her almost incredibly alone—but she is quite aware that her hour is over, and that she has only decline, however retarded, to contemplate: indeed, when we meet her first, she is taking almost a desperate view of what is left to her of existence. She is also very vividly conscious of the boyishness of her lover, and that the psychic interval between them is even greater than that of the years; likewise she sees and desires the future to which his genius entitles him, which will open the world's doors to him, as only an exceptional gift of song can. Yet she marries him. She pleads for an interval before accepting his proposal, but she has never, despite the dissuasion of her wiser sister, an instant's hesitation as to what her answer will be. It is an effect of pure selfishness, which is none the less in perfect accord with her kind, calm, and unselfish nature. She loves him, and he wants her; that settles it; and it is with real insight that her misgivings are made to operate only after the step which makes them of no avail. The author's treatment of his main theme rises much above the level of the rest of the book. The humour which he extracts from Mannington society is very cheap, and he misses there and elsewhere all breadth of effect by a wearying insistence on insignificant detail. He has an unhappy fondness for an elaborate and imitative stippling of the commonplace, which is commonplace none the less because it is breathlessly in the movement. But while with Hugh and his wife these irritations drop from his manner; it becomes simple and delicate, and altogether charming. His analysis of the woman does not go very deep, it does not attempt to penetrate the man at all; but within its depths it is lucidly preceptive and convincing. So very brief was their married life that it was impossible for either to feel the space widening between the man's crescent and the woman's declining powers, yet her previsions of the event are very sensitively and exactly rendered, and her wistful efforts to seem as young as he. The tragedy had not come, yet it is almost tragic to watch her shrink from what she thought to be its shadows, and the charm of that



pathetic stratagem is by Mr. Benson quite admirably drawn. One can only wish he had gone further, and with a woman so susceptible as Edith shown us each succeeding compromise of the soul with hopeless circumstance. To ask for such a study, haunted as it is with depressing possibilities, is a tribute to the skill with which he has so far escaped them. It is because he has achieved most where most was demanded that one wants more of him. His evasions show, it may be, a wise appreciation of his public, which only desires to be gently harrowed. But since he can come as far as this one hopes he will yet give us a piece altogether on the level of its best moments.

**"Stubble before the Wind."** By Mrs. Campbell Praed. London: Long. 1908. 6s.

The title disarms criticism. Yet, as straws are said to show the wind's direction, this batch of stories might naturally be conceived to be the outcome of one attitude towards life, one outlook on its mysteries. Such is not the case. True, Mrs. Praed has strung her narratives on a slight thread of continuity, the surroundings and personality of an Aunt Felicia, but in haphazard fashion. Thus, half of them are concerned with the phenomena of second-sight, hypnotism, and various kinds of obsession, while there is at least one old-fashioned ghost. Perhaps it is not unkind to say of this group that their interest would have been more vivid in the days before the Society for Psychical Research had examined and recorded so many strange experiences claiming to be genuine and real. Nowadays we do not go to fiction for our ghost stories. Still, those who like their psychic puzzles to culminate in sheer horror will enjoy "The House of Ill Omen" and "Miss Crosson's Familiar". In another mood the author has refurbished some of those brutal and insensate husbands and their fragile and fastidious wives who were familiar figures in her earlier books. In yet another she essays a realistic study of rural life as seen "From an Upper Window"; in another makes "His Mother's Voice" speak effectively, if in melodramatic tones. Then, as if aware of too much insistence on a morbid note, she winds up with a little idyll at once more winning and more lifelike than all which has gone before—the story of an Australian squatter who, from reading the sentimental serials in "The Leichardt's Land Chronicle", fell in love with their author, and came to England that he might find and win her. This rough fellow rings truer to life than all Mrs. Praed's fine ladies and gentlemen; and the sketch in which he figures is fitly called "A Happy Ending".

**"Man and the Cassock."** By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. London: Methuen. 1908. 6s.

"The Superfluous Sister" would have been a better title for this book. Sir Theodore Moulton, millionaire and ardent Anglican priest, sets himself to rebuild an old monastery in Devon in order to found a religious community. In his rector's daughter he finds a sympathetic and wise friend, but there is nothing of the problem suggested by the title. Moulton does not wish to marry because he knows himself doomed to consumption, but he has none of those theories of celibacy which in so many recent novels afford a cheap problem. (The formula is now well-worn—ascetic curate, attractive woman, season with doubtful theology and false philosophy, and call it a romance or a tragedy according as the conditions of the book-market at the moment seem to dictate.) His very shallow married sister comes to stay with him, and tries to affiancé him to the rector's daughter lest the latter should marry an interesting doctor (Moulton's most intimate friend), with whom she herself wants to flirt. Mrs. Ritchie sketches very cleverly, as if without effort, half a dozen people, Moulton's Devon neighbours, and works desperately hard at the character of the sister, a pretty young woman bored by her elderly husband, selfish, shallow, "smart", caught in the toils of her own sentimental amusements. Moulton is so shadowy that when he fades away we realise with surprise that the story is over.

**"A Love in Ancient Days."** By T. H. Crossfield. Elkin Mathews. 1907. 6s.

As the author of "A Love in Ancient Days" truly observes, "how can one know anything of the lives that were lived in long past days in England, when even their records, burnt by Dane and Northman, have perished"? But she is fortunate in possessing a friend, who has vivid dreams of previous existences, and from whose visions she has composed a novel of British and Saxon life in 519, which, except for a few eccentricities of grammar, and occasional historical references, might be a modern love-story. Patricia talks exactly like the up-to-date sporting girl, and enjoys herself at *Acquæ Sulis* (Bath) in very much the same way as a modern débutante—going to late dinners and dances.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"Lay Sermons and Addresses."** By Edward Caird. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1907. 6s.

This volume contains the "lay sermons and addresses" delivered by Dr. Caird during his tenure of the mastership of Balliol. They are (as might be expected) distinctly Hegelian in tone, and set forth the preacher's well-known philosophical ideas. Those who are acquainted with the ex-Master of Balliol's other writings will not find in them much that is new. They will, however, admire the high, though not unpractical, ideals that he puts before youth. And certainly these lay sermons suggest an interesting speculation. Assuming that Balliol College continues to supply as large an element to the ranks of our statesmen in the immediate future as it does at the present time, how, one may ask, will the Cairdian contrast with the Jowettian young man? The typical Balliol men of the past—for instance, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith—are largely what they are thanks to the atmosphere of practical good sense and cultured cynicism with which Jowett inspired the Balliol over which he ruled. Between Jowett and his successor there yawns as deep a gulf as that which separated Voltaire from Rousseau, and if the new Balliol comes to the front it will be the antithesis of the old. The quality of these sermons varies. Those which deal with the philosophy of religion are more interesting than those which moralise on contemporary politics. Like all Hegelians our preacher bases some of his theories on rather unhistorical contrasts. For example, he insists that the idea of mediæval piety was to isolate the Christian life from all secular objects and interests. There is truth in the view; but this idea found fuller expression in Calvinism. The mediæval Church at least struggled to make the external world the kingdom of God on earth, and sought to make an end of private war and usury. It was individualistic Protestantism that abandoned it to competition and the spirit of evil.

**"Greece and the Ægean Islands."** By P. S. Marden. London: Constable. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Marden's book is a pleasant record of travels in Greece and the Ægean. It will also prove useful to the intending traveller in those regions, for the writer gives an accurate and not exaggerated picture of the incidents inevitable to such an expedition. He certainly by no means overrates the discomforts of the ride to the temple of Bassæ and from Andritsæna to Olympia. Anyone who has read his book will not find himself involved in adventures he did not bargain for. As a guide the author is only moderately well informed. He clearly knows nothing of the mediæval history of Greece. He tells us, for instance, that Karytæna "seems not to have figured prominently as a fortress in history". We may recommend to him the perusal of Sir Rennell Rodd's work on Achaia in the Middle Ages. But, though he has no claims to any profound archaeological information, he takes a reasonable interest in the glorious country he describes. He is also to be highly commended for resisting the inclination, which now seems almost inevitable, for writers to fill their volumes with coloured illustrations. Mr. Marden is contented with photographs, some of which are excellent. We have seen better of the temple of Bassæ, and he might have taken a more effective standpoint; but on the whole the pictures form a creditable series.

**"Reminiscences of Oxford."** By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Tuckwell has added a good deal of new matter to his pleasant book, which is now published in a cheaper form. His style somewhat reminds one of Alexander Innes Shand's, being always lively and readable. The book is an agreeable rattle from beginning to end. Some of the portraits of famous men whom Mr. Tuckwell was at college with or knew in later life are very good. Pusey, Maurice, and Francis Newman figure in his gallery. Pusey, for the sake of its style, used to read "Mansfield Park", we are told, regularly once a year. One would hardly expect a man to choose "Mansfield Park" for its style: the story seems the great attraction of the book. Maurice was

a complex personality. He moved "in a maze of contradictions and surprises. Though he hated controversy, his life was one long combat. Of large charity and deep humility, he tomahawked opponents with savage personal violence; preaching Radical doctrines, he upheld aristocracy and feudalism". He was labelled Broad Church by all parties, yet devoutly accepted the Prayer Book, Catechism, Thirty-nine Articles and Athanasian Creed. There are references to all three Newman brothers. Francis Newman stayed with Mr. Tuckwell once or twice in Somerset. "He did not so much converse as emit pilulous dogmas from his thin lips in a prim, didactic, authoritative tone—on ghosts and fairy legends as appropriate to children's minds, on the Teutonic view of the Devil with its humorous tinge, on almsgiving in the streets, on Horne Tooke and Cobbett, on the position of women in society, on phonetic spelling, on the SATURDAY REVIEW." One of the pleasantest pages in Mr. Tuckwell's book touches on Matthew Arnold and Clough and their walks through the "Thyrsis" country. The "Glanvil Elm", he says, is still standing. We have never been able to place it exactly. The Fifield Elm, further afield, was still vigorous in some of its limbs when last we saw it a few years ago, but very much shorn of glory in its upper parts.

"The German Civil Code." By Chung Hui Wang. London: Stevens and Sons. 1907. 21s.

Dr. Chung Hui Wang has translated the code, annotated it, and written an historical introduction with appendices which are full of instruction as to the relations the code of the Empire bears to the State laws. One may be permitted to express surprise and admiration that a Chinese gentleman should not only be able to write in English which the most highly educated Englishman need not repudiate, but to deal with the technical terms of English law with the facility of an English barrister. The explanation is that the author has studied in the American law schools, and moreover has had the aid of several English barristers, one of whom is Dr. E. J. Schuster, whose work on the "Principles of the German Civil Law" was recently noticed in this Review. Besides this Mr. Chung Hui Wang is a doctor in the German law. We have examined the book with curiosity and interest, and can heartily recommend it to all English lawyers who have need for such a book either for practical purposes or for the purpose of comparative study.

"In and Around the Isle of Purbeck," by Ida Woodward (Lane, 21s. net), is a very good specimen of its class, the place-book which has had such a vogue during the last ten years or so. Mr. Bond's illustrations are pleasant bits of colour if they scarcely show an exceptional gift, and they have been carefully reproduced. The worst of the place-book is that as a rule it supplies us with too large a quantity of historical facts and dry dates. The dose is apt to be indigestible, and there is certainly a large amount of this kind of matter here. Unless the idea is to produce a real local or county history authors would do well to select a little more severely out of their mass of material. Miss Woodward writes with care, and she has studied her subject well, but we find much of her matter somewhat unilluminated.

A gardener overhauls his seed lists in February as an angler his fishing-tackle and list of flies in March, and Messrs. Barr's *Seed Guide for 1908* appears at just the right moment. It is really quite prettily illustrated, and—of course—contains notes on new varieties or on the old ones greatly improved. Buying flower-seed is almost as pleasant as sowing it.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Janvier.

Among several papers of solid interest in this number we signalise especially one on the relations between Japan and the United States by M. André Tardieu and another on the International Union for Solar Research, which held a conference in Paris last spring. M. Puisseux, the writer, does his best to bring the claims of the Association before the Governments of the civilised world. The British Empire especially requires awakening in this matter. At the present time the United States, Western Europe, Sicily and India possess excellent installations and experienced observers. There is a vast gap between India and California, and until this void is filled by the institution of a proper station in Australasia, with a competent staff, it is impossible to make the continuous observations necessary. The Australian Commonwealth should see to this. M. Charnes believes that M. Clémenceau's Government is meditating an attack on the integrity of the French magistracy.

### THEOLOGY.

"The Doctrine of the Trinity Apologetically Considered." By J. R. Illingworth D.D. London: Macmillan. 1907. 6s.

The strength of this volume lies in its metaphysics rather than in its expositions. We wish that more were said about the Synoptic evidence to Christ's teaching on the Fatherhood of God. Few things are more impressive than the manner in

which Christ over against "the Father" set "the Son". How He took the old expression Fatherhood and filled it with contents hitherto unknown, how in His conception of Divine Fatherhood the Trinitarian doctrine begins, deeply rooted in the ethical monotheism of Israel, Dr. Illingworth's clearness of style would have shown most helpfully. There is an excellent chapter on the subjective element in criticism, and particularly well timed. One of the best discussions in these pages is on the worth of a doctrine as a presumption of its truth. The Ritschlian distinction between judgments of value, relatively to the feelings, and judgments of truth, relatively to the intellect, is well criticised as founded on too sharp a severance between the pure and the practical reason. All judgments ultimately proceed from the action of the whole personality; the only difference being in the proportion of the various ingredients, intellectual, emotional, moral. In abstract sciences, the personal element is at a minimum: in concrete matters, at a maximum. And since nothing is more concrete than religion, claiming as it does the allegiance of all our faculties, the personal element will here predominate. But it will only predominate. For all religious experiences have intellectual judgments behind them. Christian doctrines, therefore, are not founded exclusively on judgments of value, on the satisfaction which they provide, but are "always implicated in a context which is ultimately metaphysical". If the material world is rational, man as a moral and spiritual being must demand that the moral and spiritual world should also be rational. "And this can only be the case if our moral and spiritual aspirations are ultimately realised, and therefore justified." "The satisfaction of our moral and spiritual aspirations must be a condition of the rationality of the world. If they are doomed for ever to frustration, then our reason lies." Consequently this so-called judgment of value is "a veritable process of reasoning, whose major premiss is the rationality of the world". Moreover this argument, if valid for Theism, is also valid for Theism in its most perfect form, which is the Trinitarian conception: for there alone is the highest form of self-revelation possible, namely that of personal presence in Incarnation. Dr. Illingworth's book contains other important passages, such as that on Development and that on Mystery. His essay on Personality, human and Divine, placed some of the best modern thought within reach of the fairly cultured reader; and the volume before us will be no less valuable than his previous labours in the same direction. As an example in apologetic methods it is admirable. One of our great problems is the presentation of the ancient truth to the modern mind.

"The Spiritual Return of Christ within the Church. Papers on Christian Theism." By Richard De Bary, Chaplain to the Earl of Shaftesbury. London: Murray. 1907. 5s. net.

This is an interesting volume of mystic theology, which of all subjects lends itself least to a reviewer's work. The publishers introduce the volume to the reader with an assurance that it "is an attempt, very rare in modern theology, to establish the vital connexion of human experience and the world-process as both of them expressions of the Word or Eternal Reason of God". To test this intention by concrete example, the author maintains that "the destiny of the Historic Church in England is to prove that if you try to force men to unite, they are very likely to divide; but that if you leave everyone free to separate, they will probably seek how they may come together and obey together in one". But this assumes that freedom to separate is apostolic Christianity; in other words it denies the claim which the greater part of Christendom has immemorially made, and which the Scripture endorses, that there is an Institution possessing a right to human allegiance. Quite consistently therefore with his theory, the author holds that "it is impossible for one Church to claim pre-eminence over other Churches out of any inspiration from the Spirit of the Son of Man". Does this mean that all institutions and religious communions are equally manifestations of the Will of God? Apparently it does, for the writer declares that "Proselytism between members of bodies who equally confess Christ is rash and immoral". Yet membership in any communion should mean possession of ideals which it is our duty and delight to impart. But that is proselytism. Nor can we consent to the following maxim: "The only valid arguments of one Church against another Church are spiritual collective existence, and spiritual collective persistence, without words. Only God creates and perpetuates His creations. The fact of the Living Church in any land is the argument of God that this is His Church in that land." But this seems dangerously near the maxim that whatever is is right. If collective persistence is a test of Divine approval, would not this justify Unitarianism in Boston, Calvinism in Scotland, and many other isms whose excellence is not measurable by their longevity? It is proverbial that error dies hard. If the collective persistence here contemplated is modified by the epithet "spiritual", then the question must be faced whether there are not degrees of spirituality, and whether one communion may not, in its constitution and methods and principles, more closely approximate

(Continued on page 116.)



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the Divine ideal than another. It would seem a platitude to observe that God permits the persistence of much that He does not approve. Many an institution and official may have existed, and indeed persisted, by Divine permission, without Divine approval. We must not ignore the power of human perversity in distorting Divine ideals. And this leads us to note what seems to us a principal defect in this volume. It labours under an inadequate conception of evil. It does not seem conscious how vastly religious institutions manifest the presence and often predominance of self-love, self-assertion, self-will; that their very existence, in present form, is often a standing memorial to human unspirituality, to say nothing worse. These evils require to be viewed with pained prophetic intensity. If a man knows intimately the motives which actually perpetuate these divisions, he will feel forced to ascribe their persistence to anything in the universe rather than the Will of God. The author himself admits elsewhere that "Man is a creation of God, but his moral life is a joint creation by God and man." If so, then man's religious constructions will bear this mark of joint creation. There will be an element, Divine, immutable; and a human element, perverse, detestable. It would be unfair to this interesting volume, described by its publishers as an adventure in Christian mysticism, not to add that it contains many passages of considerable beauty which should commend it to readers of mystic theology.

**The Moorhouse Lectures, 1907. "The Soul of Progress." By the Right Rev. J. Edward Mercer, Bishop of Tasmania. London: Williams and Norgate. 1907. 6s.**

An Australian Bampton Lecture, the first of a new foundation commemorating the honoured name of Bishop Moorhouse, and written by the Bishop of Tasmania, has an obvious claim on English attention. It consists of a series of vigorous popular lectures on the inadequacy of scientific materialism as a basis for moral and social needs. The lecturer's treatment of Karl Pearson's endeavour to combine materialism with social reform may be selected as a sample. The Grammar of Science affirms that the supreme arbiters of human destiny are the struggle for food, the rate of productivity, and geographical distribution. "Only when history is interpreted in this sense of natural history does it pass from the sphere of narrative and become science." "And so", observes the lecturer, "the increase of human knowledge has brought us to this—that there can be no real history until it is written in terms of food, sex and geographical distribution. All our imaginings of higher and better things are but poor meretricious devices for covering up the loathsome realities of an unending struggle for food. This is all strange enough! More especially is it strange when, by a most peculiar combination of circumstances, it goes hand in hand with dreams of social Utopias. The rigid doctrine of undying internecine competition is lovingly embraced by many on whose banner is inscribed the inspiring legend—The Brotherhood of Man. Truly a mad world, my friends!" The legitimacy of this coalition between materialistic conceptions of existence and ideals of social reform is then challenged by appeal to Haeckel, who says that "the theory of selection teaches that in human life . . . only a small and chosen minority can exist and flourish, while the enormous majority starve and perish miserably, more or less prematurely. . . . We may profoundly lament this tragical state of things; we can neither controvert it nor alter it." Hence materialism may be aristocratic, certainly not democratic, least of all socialistic. Nietzsche is more consistent. He calls Christianity the one great curse. Why? Because it is the religion of sympathy; and "sympathy stands in antithesis to the tense passions which elevate the energy of the feeling of life". Consequently "the weak and ill-constituted shall perish: first principle of our charity. And people shall help them to do so." "Sympathy thwarts, on the whole, the law of development, which is the law of selection. It preserves what is ripe for extinction." "Behold then", exclaims the lecturer, "the true bearing of the scientific theory on which Socialism would too often rear its doctrine of Brotherhood!" The cardinal doctrine of evolution is the survival of the fittest; whereas the cardinal doctrine of Socialism, or indeed of any form of humanitarianism, is the fitting of as many as possible to survive. If the struggle for food explains everything, then "So long as I can get food I am attaining the sole end of my being. All higher matters are delusions connected with the one great reality. Give me food and I need struggle for nothing else—not even for the latest edition of the Grammar of Science." This is breezy writing, and the book contains much of it. It is interesting to compare the treatment of the same subject by the Bampton Lecturer of the present year. "Science is still nobly false to the logic of its own position. . . . The true purpose of medical science is the physical perfection of the Race, and the shortest way to that end is not the nursing but the speedy removal of the diseased individual. The logical conclusion is plain: the principle is rigid and merciless. But, in practice I do not hesitate to say that the healing art is the one sound and undoubted manifestation of Christ's spirit on a large scale now extant in the world. But it is the triumph of character over consistency. If we dethrone Christ to deify Science, must we not look with trembling for the day when Consistency will claim her own?"

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# NATIONAL DISCOUNT COMPANY, LIMITED.

Dr.

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1907.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
To Subscribed Capital—£4,233,325, viz., 169,333 shares of £25 each			
Capital paid-up, viz.: £5 per share	846,665	0	0
Reserve Fund	400,000	0	0
Deposits and Sundry Balances	13,405,948	7	3
Bills Re-discounted	3,309,062	16	7
Rebate	124,946	14	3
Amount at credit of Profit and Loss Account	57,554	9	4
	£18,234,177	7	5

	£	s.	d.
By Cash at Bankers	259,715	0	4
Securities—			
British and Indian Government, City of London Corporation Bonds, and Trustee Securities	£1,723,065	11	3
Other Securities, including short dated Colonial Bonds	402,419	2	4
	2,855,484	13	7
Loans at call, short and fixed dates	998,443	1	9
Bills Discounted	14,673,937	13	4
Interest due on Investments and Loans, and Sundry Balances	50,527	18	5
Freehold Premises	126,000	0	0
	£18,234,177	7	5

Dr.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the Half-year ending 31st December, 1907.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
To Current expenses, including Directors' and Auditors' Remuneration, Salaries, Income Tax, and all other charges	11,876	11	6
Rebate of Interest on Bills not due, carried to New Account	124,946	14	3
Six Months' Dividend at the rate of Ten per Cent. per annum, free of Income Tax	£42,333	5	0
Balance carried forward to next account	15,221	4	4
	57,554	9	4
	£194,377	15	1

	£	s.	d.
By Balance brought forward from 30th June, 1907	12,751	3	4
Gross Profits during the half-year	122,626	11	9
	£194,377	15	1

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with.

We have examined the Securities representing Investments of the Company, those held against Loans at call, short and fixed dates, and all Bills discounted in hand. We have also proved the Cash Balances, and verified the Securities and Bills in the hands of Depositors. The foregoing Accounts agree with the Books, and we are of opinion that the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the Books of the Company; except that it does not state the amount of Investments and Bills placed as security against Deposits.

J. GURNEY FOWLER, F.C.A.  
(Price, Waterhouse & Co.)FRANCIS W. PIXLEY, F.C.A.  
(Jackson, Pixley, Browning, Husey & Co.)

Auditors.

35 CORNHILL, 6th January, 1908.

## RAND MINES, LIMITED.

### ABRIDGED TABULATED SUMMARY.

	GLEN DEEP, LIMITED.	ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.	GELDENHUIS DEEP, LIMITED.	JUMPERS DEEP, LIMITED.	NOUREE MINES, LIMITED.	FERRERA DEEP, LIMITED.	CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.	LANGLAAGTE DEEP, LIMITED.	DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LTD.
FINANCIAL QUARTER ENDING	31st Oct., '07	31st Dec., '07	31st Dec., '07	31st Dec., '07	31st Oct., '07	31st Dec., '07	31st Dec., '07	31st Oct., '07	31st Dec., '07
<b>Mine.</b>									
DEVELOPMENT WORK—									
No. of fee driven, sunk and risen, exclusive of Stopes..	1,586'5	3,135'0	2,327'0	3,072'0	5,214'5	2,357'0	3,213'0	3,809'0	11,984'0
Estimated Tonnage of Ore exposed by drives, &c. ..	63,590	292,335	158,814	109,998	148,937	57,630	172,475	135,033	172,580
STOPING—									
Tonnage Stoped, including Ore from development faces	63,261	113,252	110,420	67,804	115,190	84,317	117,394	97,309	48,414
<b>Mill.</b>									
No. of Stamps in operation	100	200	200	100	180	120	200	200	60
Total Ore crushed (tons) ..	54,540	97,700	97,550	57,210	100,420	69,850	105,450	88,787	36,870
Duty per Stamp per 24 hours (tons) ..	7'083	6'231	5'900	6'635	6'486	6'766	6'576	5'764	7'309
<b>Cyaniding.</b>									
Tons Concentrates treated..	—	—	—	—	6,048	—	—	—	—
Tons Sands treated ..	33,150	63,790	65,776	38,060	63,185	50,493	68,400	59,675	25,988
Tons Shims treated ..	21,095	33,009	32,796	18,279	31,070	19,176	36,014	29,794	10,944
Total Tons treated ..	54,245	96,799	98,572	56,339	100,303	69,669	104,414	89,469	36,932
<b>Gold Production.</b>									
Mill (fine oz.) ..	13,537	20,257	24,532	14,458	25,998	37,344	57,806	21,242	10,160
Cyanide Works (fine oz.) ..	7,650	10,076	10,780	5,509	14,926	12,061	16,029	3,563	3,891
Total (fine oz.) ..	21,187	30,333	35,312	19,967	40,924	49,405	73,835	24,805	14,051
Total Value per Ton Milled (fine dwt.) ..	7'769	6'209	7'239	6'980	8'130	12'972	10'227	6'713	7'731
<b>Total Working Expenses.</b>									
Cost ..	£4,822 6 1	£82,098 18 6	£91,058 4 6	£69,796 6 9	£111,421 18 5	£72,043 0 7	£93,324 0 3	£97,579 13 9	£46,562 8 8
Cost per Ton Milled ..	£1 3 9'246	£0 16 9'675	£0 18 8'028	£1 4 4'800	£1 2 2'294	£1 0 7'535	£0 17 8'401	£1 1 11'767	£0 5 3'091
<b>Revenue.</b>									
Value of Gold produced ..	£88,680 12 9	£127,197 15 4	£148,056 10 10	£83,627 3 9	£171,241 10 1	£109,084 17 4	£226,161 14 0	£124,952 11 10	£59,623 5 9
Value per Ton Milled ..	£1 12 6'233	£1 0 1'461	£1 10 4'261	£1 9 2'821	£1 14 1'260	£2 14 5'119	£2 2 10'735	£1 8 1'786	£1 12 4'564
<b>Working Profit.</b>									
Amount ..	£23,858 6 8	£45,098 16 10	£56,998 15 4	£13,830 17 0	£59,819 11 8	£118,041 16 9	£132,837 13 9	£27,382 18 1	£13,230 17 1
Per Ton Milled ..	£0 8 8'987	£0 9 2'785	£0 11 8'232	£0 4 10'021	£0 11 10'966	£1 13 9'583	£0 6 2'333	£0 7 1'473	£0 7 1'473
<b>Interest.</b>									
Credit ..	£655 6 3	£749 2 9	£458 18 10	£968 15 7	£1,926 15 9	£713 0 9	£2,533 5 1	£181 16 2	£101 7 6
<b>Net Profit.</b>									
£24,513 12 9	£45,847 19 7	£57,457 14 2	£14,799 12 7	£61,746 7 5	£118,734 17 6	£135,391 10 10	£27,564 14 3	£13,232 4	£13,232 4
<b>Estimated Amount of 10% Tax on Profits.</b>									
£1,625 0 0	£3,008 0 0	£5,142 0 0	£1,012 0 0	£4,923 0 0	£10,167 0 0	£10,399 0 0	£2,461 0 0	£561 0 0	£561 0 0
<b>Reserve Gold (fine oz.)</b>	1,273	1,884	4,000	2,775	7,017	5,000	6,000	3,814	1,984
<b>Capital Expenditure</b>	£1,265 8 10	£3,661 13 11	£4,027 17 8	£2,025 8 6	£1,349 7 2	£49,334 7 6	£1,321 14 5	£2,413 15 7	£12,438 10 10
<b>Interim Dividends Declared.</b>									
Payable to Shareholders registered on books as at Rate per cent. ..	—	31st Dec., '07 15 %	31st Dec., '07 17 1/2 %	—	—	—	31st Dec., '07 60 %	—	—
Total amount of distribution	—	£63,750	£52,500	—	—	—	£180,000	—	—

\* Including Freehold Revenue.

† The above figures include the development work at No. 1 (New Vertical) Shaft, comprising 766 feet, exposing 31,504 tons of ore, the cost of which has been charge to Capital Account

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